The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The Political Campaign

Governor Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt were in the West last week presenting before large numbers of voters their respective interpretations of the issues of the campaign. In some degree there has been a sort of running debate between them, carried on with courtesy, but bringing out diametrically opposing views and theories of government. Thus, Governor Wilson having declared that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it," Mr. Roosevelt rejoined that this "outworn doctrine . . . can be applied with profit, if anywhere at all, only in a primitive community under primitive conditions. . . . To apply it now in the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century, with its highly organized industries, with its railways, telegraphs, and telephones, means literally and absolutely to refuse to make a single effort to better any one of our social or industrial conditions." In other words, nowadays the governmental power is in the people and not in a king, and every law for social improvement, including many measures approved by Governor Wilson and the Democratic platform, involves the extension of governmental powers—factory inspection, inter-State regulation of railway commerce, pure food regulation, and numberless other now necessary things. In short, as Mr. Roosevelt said, "Every Progressive measure implies an extension instead of a limitation of governmental control." Governor Wilson has occasionally referred to the tariff and to control of the corporations as "abandoned issues"—that is, abandoned by his opponents—but it is difficult to build out of his Western speeches anything like a definite, constructive programme in either direction. The nearest to it as regards the corporations was his statement at Minneapolis: "My proposal is to change the law. We now know the facts. We know the processes by which these monopolies have been developed, and the thing to do is to make the law specifically prohibit those things, so that the man who does these things will have to answer before a criminal tribunal." Elsewhere he declared that the big combinations "are not inevitable," and characterized the Progressive proposal to control big business, as the Inter-State Commerce Commission controls railways, as a partnership in monopoly. In Sioux City he said: "I am not willing to be under the patronage of the trusts, no matter how providential a government presides over the process of their control of my life." Later Governor Wilson explained in effect that what he had said on this head referred to the prevention of the existence of monopolies rather than to the treatment of those already in existence, but he laid down no programme of procedure as to the latter. With this may be contrasted Mr. Roosevelt's statement of intention as to the trusts: "Our proposals are definite and concrete, and are based on successful action along kindred lines in the past. If we are allowed to put them into action, we will immensely benefit the honest business man by making the law certain, and by punishing misconduct and not merely size; and we will effectively, and not merely nominally, curb and control the big trusts which are actually or potentially guilty of anti-social practices." To Mr. Wilson's assertion that the Progressive plan for controlling the trusts by an Administrative Commission would give power to the trusts to fix wages arbitrarily, Mr. Roosevelt asks if the control of the railways by the Inter-State Commerce Commission has given any such power to the railways. An illustration of the practical, concrete purpose and plans of the Progressive party was seen in Mr. Roosevelt's address in Phœnix, Arizona, in which he said:

In the Nation we have the chance to set an example for all the States. We have the city of

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Washington. We can make it a model city. We have Alaska as a territory in which the Government can build railways and operate them and can keep possession of the coal and water power, leasing for development both the coal and the water power on terms favorable to the people as a whole, and not parting with the fee.

If I am elected President, and have in Congress anything like a party that will support me, I shall call an extra session to be devoted exclusively to putting into Federal law every provision recommended in the plank dealing with social and industrial justice, in the plank dealing with Alaska, and in other planks necessary to round out these two.

Altogether, the discussions of the week were on the one side an exposition of theory and philosophy, on the other a declaration of purpose and action.

Mr. Brandeis on Trusts

The record of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis as a defender of the public welfare against the aggressions of the special interests has been such as to entitle anything that he may say concerning the trusts to a considerate hearing. It is not strange, therefore, that his article in "Collier's Weekly" for September 14 on "Trusts, Efficiency and the New Party" has attracted a wide attention. His defense of the Taft-Wilson method of dealing with the trusts has received a chorus of approval from journals and public men who have in times past been his severe critics. It is not easy to put the gist of a two-page article into a single paragraph. This is what The Outlook here attempts to do, adding in a second paragraph some of its reasons for dissenting from Mr. Brandeis's conclusions. His argument, briefly stated, is as follows: "Leaders of the new party argue that industrial monopolies should be legalized lest we lose the efficiency of large-scale production and distribution." Neither the Sherman Law nor its proposed amendment, he argues, prohibits mere size. A business may *grow* large, but should not be allowed to be *made* large by combination. If such combination controls more than thirty per cent of the business, it should be presumed to be unreasonable. Such combinations do not tend to promote efficiency, nor owe their existence to the desire for increased efficiency, nor their profits to superior efficiency, and no conspicuous trust has been efficient enough to maintain its monopoly long without buying up its successful competitors. These propositions are strikingly illustrated by the history of the Steel Trust. The Steel Trust paid to Andrew Carnegie several times the value of his business in order to get rid of his efficiency. They were compelled to buy him out; had they not done so, "the steel business not only of America but of the world to-day would be dominated by Andrew Carnegie." The same principle is illustrated in a somewhat less striking manner by the Tobacco Trust. Mr. Brandeis's thesis that bigness by no means necessarily promotes efficiency—"a unit too large to be efficient is no uncommon incident of monopoly"—he illustrates and enforces at some length; for these illustrations and enforcements the reader must be referred to the article itself. The conclusion to which Mr. Brandeis would lead his readers—a conclusion emphasized by an editorial in the same journal—is that the only way to get rid of monopoly is to assume that any organization which controls thirty per cent of the business is a monopoly, and proceed to take legal measures to dissolve the concern, unless it proves that it is not a monopoly.

The Outlook on Mr. Brandeis

Mr. Brandeis's statement that "leaders of the new party argue that industrial monopolies should be legalized, lest we lose the efficiency of large-scale production and distribution," appears to us an extraordinary misinterpretation of the position of the new party. A person, whether individual or corporate, possesses a monopoly when he is able so to control the market that he can determine prices, quality of goods, extent of output, and conditions of the workingmen under his employ. The Taft-Wilson plan for preventing such monopolies is to bring legal proceedings against the corporation and compel its dissolution and the re-establishment of competition. The plan of the Progressive party for preventing such monopolies is to take away from the person, whether corporate or individual, these powers, perilous alike to the liberty and to the commercial well-being of the community. It proposes to say to the person, whether corporate or individual, You shall not control the prices, we will control them; you shall not deteriorate the quality, we will punish you if you do not keep the quality up to our standard; you shall not impose on your working people any conditions you like, you shall provide such wages, hours, and conditions of labor as we pre-

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scribe; and under these conditions you will not be able to limit the output, because competitors will be able to come in and provide supplies; and if you attempt to prevent competition by rebates on the railways, underselling your competitor in one market and making up the loss by overcharging your customers in another market, and similar methods, you will render yourself subject to punishment. The attempt of Government to dissolve the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust, after years of expensive litigation, has shown the futility of the Taft-Wilson plan for dealing with the trusts. The success of the Government in putting a stop to rebates on the railways, in determining the prices which they may charge for freight and passengers and in directing the kind of service they must render, in preventing the adulteration of foods and medicines by manufacturers, in supervising and regulating the business of the banks, and in other analogous forms of regulation, has proved the success of the plan proposed by the new party. We confess that it seems to us a curious and even a humorous argument in behalf of the Taft-Wilson plan—a statement quoted by Mr. Brandeis with his approval—that "had the United States Steel Corporation not been formed about the time it was—some ten years ago—the steel business not only of America but of the world to-day would be dominated by Andrew Carnegie." In that case, what would Mr. Brandeis have done? Would he have dissolved Mr. Carnegie? Or would he have put him in prison for conducting so big a business? What the new party would have done is entirely clear. It would have said to Mr. Carnegie, You may go on with your business so long as you conduct it subject to the regulation of the Government, make goods which conform to its standard, pay wages and provide conditions which are satisfactory to its supervising Bureau, charge no greater price for the product than the Government regards as just, and take no illegal measures to crush your competitors. There is no proposal to form a partnership between the Government and monopolies, or to legalize monopolies by the Government. There is a proposal to *destroy* all monopoly, not by destroying big business because it is big, but by taking from all business, through administrative regulation, all power to create a monopoly, no matter how big the particular business under consideration may be.

Governor Wilson and Mr. Murphy

Ever since the meeting of the Democratic State conference on September 12 in Syracuse, where Mr. Wilson, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, met Mr. Murphy, the Democratic boss of New York State, and Mr. Dix, Mr. Murphy's candidate for renomination for the Governorship, the question of the relation of Mr. Wilson to the bosses of his party has been a topic for live discussion. At that time Mr. Wilson was put into an embarrassing position. His opposition to boss rule is well known. Much of his support comes from that element within his party and among independent voters which regards it as unpardonable for a public man to have any relation whatever with one who is reputed to be a boss. Some of the newspapers have even gone so far as to regard it as an ineffaceable stigma upon a man to allow a boss to shake hands with him. In the face of this sentiment among his own supporters, Governor Wilson, according to the New York "Evening Post," "shook hands with Murphy in the Onondaga Hotel, in the presence of a hundred men." Followers of Mr. Murphy arranged to have Governor Wilson and Mr. Murphy sit down to lunch together. By rising from his seat Mr. Wilson avoided being photographed with Mr. Murphy. Altogether it was uncomfortable for those supporters of Mr. Wilson who dread, on his behalf, any contact with a boss of Mr. Murphy's standing. It should be remembered, however, that even though Governor Dix, whom many of these same independent Democrats and other independent voters ardently supported two years ago, is the favorite of Mr. Murphy, he is the Governor of New York State and an official leader of the Democratic party. It is to be remembered also that Mr. Murphy himself is a recognized official of the Democratic party, the most powerful leader of his party in the State, and one of the most powerful Democrats in the country. If Mr. Wilson is to have any relations with his party in New York State, he cannot ignore those whom his own party has selected among its chief representatives. To do so would be equivalent to an assumption on his part of the power of political excommunication. There are some men whose notorious corruption exposes them to the ostracism of decent citizens, no matter what their office; but the public official who should go about constantly ostracizing every man whom his

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followers might find personally or politically distasteful could hardly carry on the public business. We do not see what else Mr. Wilson could well have done at Syracuse without assuming an attitude towards Mr. Murphy as uncompromising as that which Mr. Roosevelt took towards Senator Lorimer; and it is very doubtful whether Mr. Wilson could take such an attitude towards the party leader in New York State without more personal evidence concerning Mr. Murphy than is available. The incident at Syracuse illustrates the difficulty which confronts Mr. Wilson or any other leader opposing the bosses of his own party. Governor Wilson has creditably resisted the efforts of the former boss in New Jersey to return to power in the State, though it has been impossible for him, as it would be impossible for any one man, to destroy the boss system by which this boss retains local ascendency. So, in the Nation, Mr. Wilson, as even his most bitter political opponents will acknowledge, will not be personally dominated by any boss; but nothing that he can do can prevent whatever success the Democratic party may have from bringing accession of power to the Democratic bosses.

Governor Wilson on Law Enforcement

Lawlessness is often said to be a characteristic American trait. Certainly Americans have still much to learn concerning respect for law and constituted authority. The Rosenthal murder case in New York City is an example in sensational form of a state of affairs that is by no means confined to New York City. On August 27 a petition signed by the representatives of the Anti-Saloon League, alleging that violations of the law in the city of Newark, New Jersey, could not be punished because of the inactivity of public officials, and even because of barriers placed in the way by men in public office, was presented to Governor Wilson. It was furthermore complained that disorderly resorts thrive because of an understanding with the police and with political rings. These allegations were set forth in detail and were supported by evidence. It happens that the law of the State of New Jersey does not give to the Governor of that State the power which Governors of other States possess of removing corrupt or negligent public officials. It would have been easy for Governor Wilson to have explained to the Anti-Saloon League his powerlessness in this matter, and even to have found fault with the signers of the protest for appealing to him. Governor Wilson, however, did not retire to this refuge. On the contrary, he acted in accordance with his belief that an executive has duties other than those technically granted to him by law. He wrote a letter which was sent to the Mayor and to the Chief of Police of Newark, and to the District Attorney and to the Sheriff of the county. With each copy of this letter he sent a transcript of the evidence that had been submitted to him. In the course of his letter Governor Wilson said that this evidence means, if it means anything, that the police and civil authorities "not only connived at the lawlessness, but in some instances countenanced it in person." Governor Wilson says that it may be that this evidence can be successfully rebutted, but that it is so strong, direct, explicit, and shocking that it is his duty as Governor to call the attention of his officials to it. He refers these officials to the law which provides that if any municipal officer in authority is notified by the Governor of the existence of notorious and open violation of the law, neglect on the part of such officials to take necessary action will be regarded as a misdemeanor. He reminds these officials that their attention had already been called to the alleged violations of law in certain places which he specifies, and that no action had been taken. The most significant sentence in the whole letter is the following: "I have no means of enforcing this advice under the laws of the State except public opinion; but that is a very powerful and prevailing force in our day." In this action Governor Wilson has set an example which can be cited to shame many a cautious and timid executive who finds comfort in the legal limitations of his own office.

Mayor Gaynor on Law Enforcement

In contrast to the letter of Governor Wilson with regard to the enforcement of law is a letter made public last week written by Mayor Gaynor, of New York City. This letter was evoked by the incidents and the public feeling consequent upon the famous Rosenthal murder case. The death of Rosenthal, the gambler, the charge, sustained by evidence, that this murder was brought about by the police system for the purpose of preventing interference with the profitable partnership between police officials and professional gamblers, and the activities

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of the District Attorney, which were by no means assisted by the Mayor, have stirred public sentiment and have finally led the Mayor to this defense of his police policy. The letter is a long one and contains much of Mayor Gaynor's characteristic philosophizing and intimate disclosures of his own reflections. He declares at the outset that "what have purported to be the secrets of the Grand Jury room have been fed to the press from the District Attorney's office," and that "many think that the fullness of time has arrived for the Governor of the State to take action in this matter." The Mayor says that, in spite of efforts, the discipline of the police force has not broken down. He enumerates some of the things that he claims as reforms of the police during his administration: First, suppression of the unlawful mistreatment of citizens by the police. Second, putting an end to the practice of arresting people on petty charges, and substituting the practice of taking their names so that they may be summoned to court later. Third, stopping the practice of photographing all arrested persons and confining it to those convicted of serious offenses. Fourth, preventing the police from taking sides in strikes and labor disputes. Fifth, abolishing the special police, who were public officers under the direction and pay of private persons. Sixth, exterminating saloon graft—the extortion of money from the saloons by the police in return for permission to violate the law. On this point the Mayor writes at some length. He claims that "the result has been a general closing of all bar-rooms in the city on Sunday." He admits, however, that it is not easy to prevent the sale of liquor in "inner rooms." Seventh, the ending of police raids without warrant. Eighth, reorganization of the detective force. Ninth, the organization of a special force to deal with gambling. This the Mayor discusses at length, and explains that he has tried to be patient with the outcry caused by the disclosures of the gambling situation. Tenth, the entire eradication of all graft in appointments and promotions. Eleventh, dealing "as best we can" with unfortunate women. In the course of this section the Mayor expresses his opinion with freedom, and quotes from Lecky. Mayor Gaynor concludes by declaring that New York "is the most decent and orderly large city in the world." The conditions in the Police Department are being subjected to two investigations—one by a committee of the Board of Aldermen, the other by the Grand Jury. The public will not decide to agree altogether with the Mayor until the results of these investigations are known.

The End of the Cunningham Coal Claims

Thirty-three claims to coal-lands in Alaska, known as the Cunningham claims, were the occasion of bringing on the celebrated Pinchot-Ballinger controversy that finally resulted in the discrediting of Secretary Ballinger as a safe guardian of the people's property and his resignation from the Cabinet of President Taft. These claims have now been finally canceled by Mr. Ballinger's successor, Secretary Fisher. In rendering his decision upon appeal, Secretary Fisher says that in his opinion "the findings of fact and the conclusions both of law and fact of the Commissioner, as expressed in his opinion in these cases, are correct;" that the consideration of the appeal "has in all respects also the effect of a rehearing of the case;" and that the decision will be carried into immediate effect. Since the decision was announced, the Register and Receiver of the Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, has, by order of the Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office, placed on record the cancellation for fraud of the Cunningham claims. The money which the claimants have already paid to the United States Treasury—amounting to a little more than fifty-two thousand dollars—is forfeited, and can be restored only by act of Congress. Although some of the claimants undoubtedly may have been innocent of any wrong intent, they cannot expect to secure reimbursement; for in a matter of this sort the innocent investor must take the consequence if he intrusts his money to those who are willing to take chances with the law. Although these claims were not themselves the sole cause of the acute controversy that proved so disastrous to Mr. Taft's Administration, they furnished the center about which that controversy chiefly revolved. Mr. Ballinger's whole temperament and attitude was fundamentally opposed to the Conservation policy which he was expected to carry out. A subordinate in the Land Office, Mr. Glavis, became convinced that Secretary Ballinger was not protecting the people's interest in these coal lands as he should, and he laid evidence of that fact before the President.

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Because he did so he was dismissed from office. Thereupon the whole controversy broke out. It became a public scandal. President Taft allowed it to pass out of his control and to become the subject of a Congressional investigation. Thereupon Mr. Ballinger's attitude, not only as to coal lands, but also as to the preservation of water power, as to the reclamation service, as to the whole subject of Conservation, was disclosed. Not only that. President Taft and his Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, were shown to be taking Mr. Ballinger's part in a way that aroused public indignation. From that time on President Taft was clearly separated from the whole progressive movement that had become so vigorous and effective under President Roosevelt, and it became clear that the consequent split would result either in the elimination of President Taft and his allies from the Republican party, or in the rise of a new party wholly progressive in spirit and in purpose. The Cunningham claims, therefore, have a peculiarly interesting relation to the political history of the United States.

General Nogi Japan has been greatly bereaved by the death of her great Emperor and by the death of her greatest soldier. The story of the suicide of General Nogi and of his wife has profoundly moved the nation, and has impressed the whole world as not only a dramatic but a significant event. General Nogi was a great Samurai, bred in the practice of the ancient Japanese knighthood, and nobly illustrating its virtues. He had served his country with an unselfish devotion. From his youth he had borne hardships and great sorrows with the stoicism of his ancestors; the winner of some of the greatest and most fiercely fought battles of modern times, he had ascribed all his victories to the influence of the spirit of his Imperial master; and when that master died, in accordance with the ancient habit of the Samurai, he committed suicide in order that the Emperor might not go alone on his journey. With his going the old order in Japan reaches a dramatic end; it is possible that never again will the ancient custom of suicide as a matter of personal loyalty be practiced by a great leader. General Nogi's death brings out very strikingly the sincerity of his loyalty to the old ideals of Bushido—the Samurai code of honor, courage, loyalty, courtesy. It also presents in a very dramatic way the contrast between non-Christian and Christian ideals. In the hour when a great ruler dies the Christian world would hold it to be the duty of a great soldier to stand in readiness to serve his country in a new crisis. The difference between the two conceptions is strikingly brought out by placing General Nogi's deed beside the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg:

> It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

Italy and Turkey Last week, according to the despatches, the bloodiest battle of the Italo-Turkish war was fought. It occurred near Derna, a port on the Mediterranean coast. The Italians lost over sixty killed and double that number wounded, but the Turks and Arabs left over eight hundred dead on the field—some say a thousand—and there were at least a thousand wounded. The Turkish resistance was strong enough to withstand for four hours the superior Italian artillery, supplemented by brilliant bayonet charges. Finally the Mussulmans fled in disorder. Such an affair is in sharp contrast to the negotiations for peace which have been in progress in Switzerland between Italian and Turkish Ambassadors. One of them, Signor Pietro Bertolini, ex-Minister of Public Works in a recent Italian Cabinet, is thus reported: "The negotiations are proceeding favorably, and I hope they will soon be successfully ended. I cannot, however, discuss the proposed terms. The Italian delegates have full power to conclude peace here in Switzerland. The long delay in the *pourparlers* has been the result of the necessity in the earlier stages of referring the more important questions to headquarters."

The "Moral Mandate" of the United States During the past fortnight the presence of American troops in Nicaragua has had the desired effect of checking the revolution. There were, however, numerous rumors of attempts on the part of "emigrados politicos," or agitators from other countries, to enter Nicaragua and join the general tumult. The Nicaraguan Govern-

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ment, therefore, asked the Central American republics to enforce with strictness the Washington "Conventions," or general treaty of 1907, by which, under the protection of the United States and Mexico, the various Central American states undertook to prevent meddling in each other's affairs. In particular, the five republics agreed to regard every measure tending to alter the constitutional organization of any one of them as a menace to the peace of all; to forbid political refugees from residing in districts bordering on the country whose peace they might disturb, and in general to provide that each government should not use any of its territory as a base of such operations against a neighboring government. To this end they pledged themselves to apprehend and bring to trial every person who, in any republic, should initiate or foster revolutionary movements against any other republic. Finally, they agreed that no one of them should intervene on either side in a civil war in any other of their number. With reference to the above, the Hon. Huntington Wilson, Acting Secretary of State, issued the following note of instruction last week to the American Minister at Nicaragua. It was also placed in the hands of the rebel leaders in the Nicaraguan revolt, and telegraphed to every American Legation in Central America:

Under the Washington conventions the United States has a moral mandate to exert its influence for the preservation of the general peace of Central America, which is seriously menaced by the recent uprising; and to this end, in the strict enforcement of the Washington conventions and loyal support of their aims and purposes, all the Central American republics will find means of valuable co-operation.

America's purpose, the note declares, is to foster true constitutional government and free elections; and to this end it will support established governments against revolutions based upon the selfish designs of would-be despots and not upon any principle or popular demand. Force will be used, if necessary, in maintaining free communication with and to protect American legations—a policy already adopted in San Domingo and Panama. As regards Nicaragua in particular, our Government expressly discountenances any "revival of Zelayaism"—defining that term as "a régime of barbarity and corruption"—and "will lend its strong moral support to the cause of legally constituted good government for the benefit of the people of Nicaraugua, whom it has long sought to aid in their just aspirations." After recounting the perils to American planters and business men in Nicaragua, and the appeal of the Nicaraguan Government for support in the protection of American life and property, the note declares that "the revolt of General Mena, in flagrant violation of his solemn promises to his own Government . . . without even the pretense of contending for a principle, makes the present rebellion, in origin, the most inexcusable in the annals of Central America." Whether it be so or not, it is interesting to note the opinion of ex-President Estrada, of Nicaragua, as reported by the New York "Times," concerning our "moral mandate:"

"Without the active help of the United States Government Nicaragua will never thrive."

"You mean a sort of American protectorate?" he was asked.

"Yes," he answered without hesitation. "A protectorate along the lines exercised in Cuba and Panama, without, of course, impairing sovereignty. We want the United States Government, whether it be Republican or Democratic, to keep an eye upon us, supervise our elections, and, in a word, to become the arbiter and judge of our destinies."

The College and the Feud

When the attention of the country was directed to the survival of the feud by the tragedy in a court-house in western Virginia last spring, The Outlook emphasized the fact that, as the feud is the product of peculiar social conditions, while the sheriff was needed, the school and college applied much more radical remedies; and it emphasized the work of Berea College as a prime force in the destruction of the feud. It is a significant fact that, when a feud breaks out, the number of students in that college from the section in which blood is shed receives almost immediate addition. Mountain mothers are anxious to get their sons out of the way; and Berea eradicates the feud spirit. The three million mountaineers who still live largely in the past differ from the descendants of the other colonists at the time of the American Revolution chiefly because they were cut off from communication with the rest of the world; and a college is a prime element in the re-establishment of the lost connections. Berea does a noble work at home, but is not content to teach the students who live about her campus. The College teaches over the whole territory through its extension work. Early in July the superintendent of that work started out with two wagons.

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He is an Englishman whose father was a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church, and he has been a peculiarly successful preacher to the mountaineers. He was accompanied by a mountain boy notable alike for his athletic vigor and his Christian spirit, and by a man well qualified to interest the people in singing. So Berea on wheels invaded the mountains, gathering the people together, giving popular talks, using the stereopticon, giving instruction in the rotation of crops, sanitation, the organization of public schools, and other subjects which may help the people in the elementary work of modern social organization. It is rough, elementary educational work which is done by these apostles of Berea College in their mountain wagons; but it is work as dignified and worthy as that of the most advanced university; and it is a fine illustration of the democratic faith which holds as its fundamental creed that there is nothing too good for any man who wants it and will use it.

Philippine Commerce

The commerce of the Philippines for the fiscal year, which ended with the beginning of July of this year, is the most remarkable in the history of the islands. The total foreign trade amounted to a quarter more than for any preceding year. In particular, the exports were twice as large as the maximum exports for any year prior to American occupation. Among articles exported, copra now occupies first place. Copra is the native name of the dried kernel of the cocoanut, one of the principal articles of export from the islands of the Pacific. For many years hemp has been the leading export from the Philippines; it now falls to second place. Sugar occupies third place, and the amount exported last year was the greatest of any year during American occupation. The fourth article in point of value is tobacco, manufactured and unmanufactured. The amount exported last year was about twice as much as for any other year before our occupation. The total imports were not only twice as great as for any other year prior to American occupation, but considerably more than twice as great. Of the imports, nearly one-third represent shipment of American goods from the United States. As to this trade with the islands, the significance of last year's figures is seen in what they tell, not only of the commercial benefit accruing from American occupation, but in particular of the benefit coming from the new relations of the past three years. Not only were Philippine purchases from the United States more than fifty times the average annual purchases prior to American occupation, but they were four times larger than the purchases from the United States in the years under our occupation before the Tariff Act of 1909 provided for practical freedom of commerce. The American occupation of the Philippines is thus seen to have been of commercial and material as well as of educational and moral benefit.

The American Prix de Rome

The lucky young Frenchman who gains the Grand Prix de Rome is a hero in the eyes of his countrymen. And not only this, but the advantages which flow from that truly "grand prize" are a very distinct help to the holder, especially in the early stages of his art career. For four years we have had an American Prix de Rome, namely, competitions instituted throughout the United States in architecture, sculpture, and painting. The successful competitors have been sent for three years to the American Academy at Rome, with an annual subvention each of one thousand dollars. This year's scholarships have just been awarded. Over a hundred young men competed—seventy-one in architecture, eight in sculpture, and twenty-three in painting. And, what is more, the applications were received from widely distributed parts of the country, Louisiana and California being represented as well as the Eastern and Middle States. The winner in architecture is Kenneth E. Carpenter, of Boston, twenty-eight years old. He studied at the School of Design in Providence and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has had five years' office experience. The winner in sculpture is John Gregory, of New York City, thirty-three years old. He has worked in the studios of Rhind, MacNeill, Borglum, and Herbert Adams. He also studied five years at the Art Students' League in New York and three years at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. The winner in painting is Eugene F. Savage, of Chicago, twenty-eight years old. He studied at Gonzago College and at the Corcoran Art School, Washington; also at the Art Institute and the Academy of Fine Arts at Chicago. These three young men will now be members of the American Academy at Rome. To be admitted there the applicant must have shown distinct scholarship or artistic

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ability. The Academy's competitions are open to all. During its short existence it has instructed more than seventy students, and a large proportion of them have already obtained high rank in the world outside.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1862

The twenty-second day of September marks an epoch second only to the fourth day of July. On the fourth day of July the American people declared themselves free. On the twenty-second day of September the American people declared the enslaved Negro race free.

For the Emancipation proclamation was as truly the act of the American Nation as the Declaration of Independence was the act of the American Colonies. In issuing the Emancipation Proclamation Abraham Lincoln acted for the American people as truly as did Thomas Jefferson in drafting the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Lincoln had long contemplated the emancipation of the slave. For some months he had made it matter of conference with his associates in the Government. On the 13th of July, 1862, he declared to two of them, Seward and Welles, that emancipation was a military necessity: "We must free ourselves or be ourselves subdued." Nine days later he read a draft emancipation proclamation. And yet he waited two months after that before he issued it. Why did he wait?

For two reasons.

One was Mr. Seward's suggestion: "Postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war." What was substantially a victory of the Union forces at Antietam removed this objection and afforded the occasion which Mr. Seward wished for.

The other objection was the one which Mr. James Ford Rhodes has interpreted in his "History of the United States:" "Lincoln must satisfy himself that public opinion at the North would sustain him in the action. . . . Was the sentiment of the plain people, the mass of steady Republicans and war Democrats, ripe for an edict of freedom?"

Not until Mr. Lincoln had settled his doubts, not until he had come to the conclusion that the plain people of the North would see the issue as he saw it, was he ready to speak the decisive word. An edict from the President unsupported by the people would have been as futile as General Fremont's proclamation of freedom in August, 1861, which Mr. Lincoln ordered withdrawn. "I do not want," he said to a body of petitioning clergymen, "to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." When he issued his proclamation of emancipation, it was not inoperative. For the people of the North spoke through him when he spoke.

This proclamation of September 22 was the announcement of the decision; the later proclamation of January 1, 1863, put that decision into effect.

Two qualities combined to make Abraham Lincoln a great President of a self-governing Republic. He could wait patiently for the people's will, and could act vigorously in the execution of that will.

He was attacked by political opponents as a "dictator," as an "imperator," as a "despot," a "usurper," a "man ruthlessly trampling on the Constitution, the laws, and the rights of the people of the country."

He did not impose his will upon the people. He did not assume the power of a dictator. He did not act in lieu of the people. A leader of the people, a teacher of the people, he was also the voice of the people. Their will was expressed in his action; and that it might be expressed in his action, he waited till their will was formed.

But this waiting was never the waiting of timidity. He waited for no command. He understood the people, and by his action interpreted their will—a will formed but not expressed. There was no clause in the Constitution authorizing him to issue an emancipation proclamation. There was no act of Congress authorizing him to issue it. There was no election giving him a mandate from the people.

But when he acted, the people approved. Critics there were in plenty, to demand a Constitutional clause, or a Congressional act, or a popular election. But the people ratified the act of their great leader. He had understood them. He had acted for them. They made his act their act.

The emancipation of the Negro race was the act of the American people. The greatness of Abraham Lincoln was the greatness of a statesman who could lead them to that act, who could understand their unexpressed

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will calling for that act, and who dared to do the act in their name and on their behalf.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT

III—WHAT IS THE CHIEF ISSUE?

In one of his recent speeches Governor Wilson declares his belief that his platform and that of the Progressives are substantially identical. He says:

I don't find any great difference between my table of contents and the table of contents of those who have voted with the Republican party and are very much dissatisfied with the way in which the Republican party has rewarded their confidence. They want the same things that I want, and I don't know of anything under God's heaven to prevent our getting together. We want the same things, we have the same faith in the old traditions of the American people, and we have made up our minds that we are going now to have the reality instead of the shadow.

There are many Americans, and probably not a few readers of The Outlook, who agree with Governor Wilson, who think that the difference between the two parties is a difference between Democratic Progressives and Republican Progressives, that the division is rather between two leaders than between two political purposes.

For two reasons The Outlook cannot share this opinion. Governor Wilson, in a paragraph in the same speech from which we have quoted above, indicates one of these reasons. Speaking of the combination between corrupt capitalists and corrupt politicians, he says:

I had occasion to test the power of that little group in the State of New Jersey, and I had the satisfaction of discovering that I had been right in supposing that it didn't have any power at all. It looked as if it were intrenched in a fortress, it looked as if the portholes, as if the embrasures of that fortress showed the muzzles of guns, but, as I told my good fellow-citizens in the city of Newark, all they had to do was to rest a little weight upon it and they would find that the whole thing was a fabric of cardboard.

Mr. Bryce, when he wrote his "American Commonwealth" in 1888, did not entertain Governor Wilson's happy optimism respecting bossism. He devoted five chapters to a description of machines and bosses, and one chapter to "the war against the bosses." He sums up his history of this war in the following terms:

The struggle between the professional politicians and the reformers has been going on in the great cities, with varying fortune, for the last twenty years. As illustrations of the incidents that mark it will be found in subsequent chapters, I will say only that, in the onslaughts on the Rings which most elections bring round, the reformers, though they seldom capture the citadel, often destroy some of the outworks, and frighten the garrison into a more cautious and moderate use of their power.

And he quotes Fernando Wood as saying that such reforms compel the bosses "to pander a little to the moral sense of the community."

American history does not justify Governor Wilson's optimism; it does abundantly justify Mr. Bryce's grave estimate of the peril to the American Republic from machine and boss rule. Washington did not find this "invisible government" a fabric of cardboards in the American Revolution, nor Lincoln in the Civil War, nor Cleveland in his fight against Tammany, nor the men of honor in their two years' campaign to rid the Senate of Lorimer, nor the reformers in the municipal campaigns in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, still going on. Honesty is going to win; but not without a hard battle. And the question before the voters is a twofold one: partly personal, Are Roosevelt and Johnson, or Wilson and Marshall, the better fighting men? partly political, Is the Democratic party, with its past history and its present local leaders, or the Progressive party, with its leaders and its purposes, the better army to which to intrust the campaign?

The Democratic party evidently regards this issue as one of secondary importance. In its platform it treats the revision of the tariff as the immediate and primary issue of the campaign. It charges the unequal distribution of wealth, the existence and extent of poverty, the exactions of the trusts, the high cost of living, all to the protective system. Abolish the protective system; then concentration of wealth, distribution of poverty, trusts and commercial conspiracies, the high cost of living, will all disappear. What it says in its platform respecting labor legislation is a quotation from former platforms; what it says respecting social injustice is mainly a demand for law reforms which will rid the present legal system of delays, expense, and uncertainties; what it says respecting the power of the Federal Government to protect from injustice emphasizes primary dependence on the States; and the only remedy it proposes for boss rule is the offer of the Democratic party "as an agency through

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which the complete overthrow and extirpation of corruption, fraud, and machine rule in American politics can be effected."

And this remedy is proposed by a convention in which Murphy, Taggart, and Sullivan held no insignificant power, and it was voted for by them.

The Progressive party puts the revision of the tariff in a subordinate place. It does not attribute either the concentration of wealth, the existence and extent of poverty, the exactions of the trusts, or the high cost of living to the tariff. In its opening sentence it declares that "political parties exist to secure responsible government and to execute the will of the people." And it justifies its existence as a new party on the ground that from these great tasks both the old parties have turned aside. "Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owning no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day."

With this definition of the first task of the statesmanship of the day, Theodore Roosevelt is in hearty accord.

It is well at times to see ourselves as others see us. We quote from the London "Daily Mail" an interpretation of Theodore Roosevelt's purpose and policy furnished to its columns by an "Anglo-American" whose personality is unknown to us:

> What Mr. Roosevelt represents and appeals to above all things is the awakening conscience of the American people that for them the problem of problems is to make democracy real and to save their system of government from the grip of predatory interests. The principle which he has again and again claimed to be championing is the right of the people to rule. He wishes to convert this right from a theory into an operative fact.

The Democratic party regards the revision of the tariff as the *first* task of present statesmanship. Governor Wilson agrees with his party in this estimate. The Progressive party regards the destruction of the invisible government which has taken the place of popular government as the first task. Theodore Roosevelt agrees with his party in that estimate. Governor Wilson thinks the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics a house of cards which a breath might blow over. Mr. Roosevelt thinks it the chief peril to the American Republic.

On this question The Outlook agrees with the Progressive party and its leader, and differs from the Democratic party and its leader.

Which is the most immediate and most important task of present statesmanship, the revision of the tariff, or the substitution of a real for a sham democracy, a visible for an invisible government? This is the question first in time and first in importance for the American people to decide in the coming election.

It is the first in time because we must decide *what* we wish to do before we decide *how* we will do it or *to whom* we will intrust the doing of it. It is the first in importance because in order to decide to whom we will intrust a task we must decide what is the task we will intrust to them.

Those who think the first task of present-day statesmanship is the abolition of a protective tariff, and that with its abolition special privilege, trusts, and corrupt politics will fall of their own weight, should vote for the Democratic party. Those who think that the first task of present-day statesmanship is to abolish invisible government, and put the power in the hands of the people that they may do their will with tariff, trusts, and every other public concern, should vote for the Progressive party.

STIRRING THE WILL

The familiar prayer in the Episcopal Prayer-Book for the Sunday before Advent, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen," goes to the very heart of the religious life; for the root of that life is not in the emotions, nor in the intellectual convictions, but in the will. This prayer, recited for many generations, has given its name to the day on which it is used, and "Stir-up Sunday" is a phrase which conveys a challenge.

Most men, when they feel deeply, give their emotions some form of expression; but expression is largely a matter of temperament. It is not a test of religious experience, nor is it, as it has sometimes been thought to be, the conclusive evidence of a changed nature. It is often the accompaniment of the change, but it is not the change itself. For this reason the dramatic and spectacular repentance of the

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criminal or the man of evil life is always looked upon with more or less suspicion. There is a sound instinct in the demand that a great sinner shall prove the reality of his repentance by his full and sincere recognition of the enormity of his offense; and when a man feels profoundly rather than dramatically the enormity of his sin, he is likely to flee from the public gaze and to seek in silence and solitude a place of penitence. The great sinner who takes the newspapers into his confidence when he makes an "about-face" is often sincere; but he is rarely a man of deep feeling or of a clear-cut conscience. The transition from a life of moral anarchy to one of submission to the Divine Will is sometimes dramatic in its suddenness; but it is rarely used as dramatic material by a man of deep experience and sincerity.

Many people are troubled because the life of faith does not lie before their feet defined by sunshine; others doubt the reality of their surrender to the Divine Will because their emotions are not touched and life does not become instantly "one grand sweet song." This means generally that emotion is not the natural expression of their temperament. Religion is not a reality in a man's life until it takes hold of his will; and a man becomes a Christian, not when he says, "I feel" or "I believe," but when he says "I will." For it is only as a man wills to make his belief a part of his life that he passes out of the region of intellectual assent into the region of vital religion.

He who is doing the will of God persistently in the face of uncertainty and, for long periods, without joy, is the kind of Christian of which this world stands in sore need. He will never betray his trust, nor faint by the way, nor lose himself in the mists and fogs of changing opinion. He has the virtue of a soldier—he obeys orders. It is never a question with him whether orders are agreeable or not; whether he is getting the recognition he deserves; whether he is passed over and other men are promoted. It is only a question of his understanding his orders and obeying them.

In these agitated and critical times Christians may well pray for the descent of the Spirit on all the churches, and for the coming of one of those great waves of devout feeling which sometimes pass through society. But the emphasis of its prayer ought to be on the words, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

PRACTICAL PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

Chauncey M. Depew is quoted as having once said, "Party platforms, like train platforms, are made to get in on and not to stand on." That remark, doubtless uttered in jest, contained nevertheless a cynical statement of truth as to the status of party platforms and party pledges under the old political order.

If the National Progressive party in the State of New York, at its State Convention in Syracuse on September 5 and 6, had deliberately sought the most effectual way of differentiating itself from the old-party attitude with which the voters of the Empire State are familiar, no more decisive method could have been devised than the creation of a permanent Legislative Committee to work all the year round for the fulfillment of the platform pledges. In this way the New York State Progressives differentiated their work from the old order of convention procedure, not merely in the form and contents of their platform as adopted, but also in their attitude towards that platform after it had been promulgated as a covenant with the people.

Long after many of the incidents of that dramatic convention shall have passed from memory, the so-called "separate" or supplemental resolution reported from the Platform Committee, and adopted immediately following the adoption of the platform itself, will be recalled; for it marks a distinct step forward in making party organizations responsible for the fulfillment of party pledges and in giving the rank and file of party workers an ethical obligation that only pledges which are meant shall be made and that pledges which are made shall be kept.

The platform itself was in terms a "covenant with the people" as to a series of definite and understandable propositions, and its adoption was followed with the passage of a resolution which has already been twice referred to in The Outlook, and which we here give in full:

We, the National Progressive party of New York State, to provide for the carrying out of the pledges of the platform heretofore adopted, do hereby resolve:

(1) That a committee of nine members be created by this Convention, such committee to be appointed by the permanent Chairman, with the advice of the Chairman of the State Committee, to be known as the Legislative Committee of the National Progressive party in the State of New York, and to have the power to add to its

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membership six persons, who may or may not be members of this Convention.

(2) That the said Committee be authorized and directed to draft such bills or amendments as, in its discretion, will carry out the pledges of our platform, and to appear as the representatives of this Convention and of our party in this State before the legislative and executive branches of government, for the purpose of demanding that the pledges of our platform be enacted into law.

(3) That this Committee hold office until the convening of our next State Convention, and that it be empowered to fill any vacancies in its membership caused by death, resignation, or otherwise.

(4) That this Committee have power to do whatever is necessary and proper for the carrying out of these purposes.

(5) That when this Convention adjourns it do not adjourn without day, but with the understanding that at the call of the State Committee, upon the recommendation of the Legislative Committee, it may be brought together again for the purpose of reaffirming our demands as the Progressive party in New York State, or for such other business as the Convention may elect.

This action was thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of the new party. It was an action of which politicians of the old order would have been incapable. It was a voluntary acceptance of a continuing party responsibility at which politicians of the old school would have stood aghast. As a "doubting Thomas" still in Democratic ranks said after the adoption of this resolution, "These people must mean business; they certainly have their nerve with them, to undertake to stand by their platform that way. They can't be thinking about the possibility of failure." That cynical comment expressed the exact truth. The resolution crystallized the sentiment of men of affairs thoroughly in earnest. These men probably knew little about "practical politics," so called, but they did know a great deal about what the party had pledged itself to, and how great is the need for the actual, immediate carrying out of those pledges.

Thus it comes about that, whether or not the Progressive National ticket wins or loses, whether or not the Progressive State ticket in New York wins or loses, whether or not the next New York State Legislature is Progressive, or still Tammanyized and Barnes-bossed, there will be found in the State of New York an alert, aggressive, earnest body of men, "on the job" all the year, for the creating of sentiment and the formulating of suitable legislation for the carrying out of the excellent pledges of the Progressive platform —a document which Governor Wilson, with characteristic and commendable candor, has called "an admirable platform," deserving of the careful consideration of the leaders of the other political parties. If any voter anywhere is inclined to doubt whether the Progressive party is a permanent affair, or is merely an uprising for one campaign, the creation of this permanent Legislative Committee in New York, following action looking to similar ends in Pennsylvania, should be sufficient to show that the Progressive party is the permanent and effective exponent of the new political order.

An interesting feature of the New York situation is that the appointment of this permanent Committee will fall to Oscar S. Straus, the Progressive nominee for Governor, in conjunction with State Chairman Hotchkiss. The appointments will be made in the course of the campaign, and the committee will proceed with its work irrespective of the result of the campaign. Funds for the legitimate expenses of the Committee will be provided from the funds of the party—and what higher and more privileged use of party funds could there be than the carrying out of party pledges *after election*, rather than merely using them to *obtain office* before election? Mr. Straus will take pains to secure men of intellectual vigor, moral force, and representative standing, so that the Committee may at once become a civic force such as the commonwealth of Barnes and Murphy never knew before. No action taken by the Convention is deemed by him more significant and more important.

There is no reason why this method of enforcing a platform should not become a party custom followed by every State Convention.

A CRUSADE FOR QUIET

There are many discomforts in this world which cannot be removed; there are others which are entirely unnecessary and are permitted to exist simply because people are ignorant or indifferent, and among these is the increasing discomfort of noise.

The volume of unnecessary sounds which devastates the peace and quiet of the world, and which is beyond question a source of physical injury, has been augmented by the intolerable screeching of the battalions of automobiles which now fly over the country in all directions; and this increase of noise comes

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at the very instant when men, women, and children are beginning to live out of doors and to gather up the manifold resources of the out-of-door life. Now, when the closed window has become an anachronism and in health and disease alike the open window is one of the most efficient forms of remedy, the ears of the sleeper and the sufferer are assailed by hideous noises, for which there might be some justification if they were necessary, but which are for the most part entirely unnecessary.

Conditions favorable to rest and sleep are fundamental rights of individuals everywhere, if there are any fundamental rights. They have a direct relation to sanity, happiness, and life, as physicians have been proclaiming for years past and health boards are beginning to recognize.

Every great city sounds its own note. In Paris that note is staccato; the crack of the whip is the keynote of a mighty volume of sounds, which seems to break and distribute itself in high notes which tear the ear. London, on the other hand, has its own characteristic "central roar"—a vast volume of sounds, which has something of the mass of a great wave. In Naples, if one happens to be above the city, there are many sounds, but they are all human; the voices of men, women, and children singing in the narrow streets, or the far-carrying Italian voice in talk. One is interested because the sounds are social; in the other great cities the sounds are unsocial. New York is no noisier than some other cities, and American cities are not noisier than many of the Old World cities.

At the moment, the roar of the trolley car is perhaps unavoidable, although even that ought to be remedied in time, and the rumble of many trucks must be endured for a season; but the movement of the automobile is practically noiseless; and the use of its horn, often neglected where it is imperatively needed, is frequently used in pure vindictiveness. People have endured these sounds because they have supposed that they were inevitable; but, as a matter of fact, most of them are avoidable.

Berlin, for example, is not only a great city in terms of population, but it is also a great city in terms of manufacture and business. It has become one of the most active cities in the modern world; but the ears of the residents of Berlin never hear a steam whistle, a huckster's cry, the rattle of wagons, or the shriek of a locomotive. Indeed, so advanced is the civilization of Berlin that piano-playing is not permitted before a certain hour in the morning nor after a certain hour at night. What has been done in Berlin can be done in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and must be done before many years, if these cities are to consider themselves civilized; for the measure of civilization, according to a high authority, is the respect paid to women and the minimizing of noise.

When we pass beyond the semi-barbaric stage of municipal government and realize how unscientific and unintelligent the government of many of our great cities still is because they are conducted along political and not along human lines; when we understand that a city is a great home and not merely a political entity, we shall have city governments which will make the health, comfort, and happiness of the people objects of prime interest.

Mr. Edward S. Morse's recent address on "The Suppression of Unnecessary Noise" ought to have National circulation. Mr. Morse has more than once appeared as a teacher of civilization. What he had to say, for instance, about Japanese manners had a bearing on this country even more important than the influence of Japanese art. Mr. Morse points out the fact that the factory whistle, which a great many people suppose is a necessary evil—a nuisance which must be tolerated because it is essential in calling together great numbers of workingmen—is really a useless nuisance; the signal for beginning work is not the whistle on the roof, but the starting of the engine. Many of the largest factories in the country use no whistle or signal of any kind. The army of five million railway employees is not summoned by air-piercing sounds. They come to their work by the clock. And that intolerable development of savagery of modern machinery, the siren, has no justification whatever. If it is necessary to make a loud noise—and the cases in which that necessity arises are few—there is no reason why the noise should not be musical. To the lover of beauty one of the saddest things in the modern world is the siren which is sounded every morning on the lower part of the Grand Canal in Venice.

A number of the large cities in this country have already abolished the blowing of steam whistles and the ringing of bells at the freight yards; and it is well known that most of the disturbing noises made by locomotives

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are made because it gives the engineer pleasure to make them. Several years ago a gentleman who has a large place on one of the railways running out of New York found the blowing of the locomotive whistles an intolerable nuisance. Trains passed his house continuously day and night, and very few passed without a prolonged screech. There was no necessity for the noise; and upon investigation it was found that an engineer had a grudge against the man and had passed the word on to make him as uncomfortable as possible. There is no better class of men than the engineers; but some of them are fond of noise; others like to notify their friends when they are passing at one o'clock through small villages, or signal to their families; some undoubtedly use the whistle and ring the bell for the sake of variety. But it is perfectly safe to say that at least eight-tenths of the use of these implements of aural discomfort are simply expressions of individual taste and inclination. The same thing may be said of the use of the automobile horn. In many cases it is absolutely essential, and in those cases it is often neglected; but an automobile is an intolerable nuisance in many places simply because of the unnecessary noise which it makes.

We are rapidly succeeding in getting a rational Fourth of July. The country nowadays roars more gently with cannon, the sharp reports of the pistol, the irritating explosion of innumerable firecrackers, or with the dull, heavy reverberation of bombs. We have discovered that there are ways of keeping the National holiday which we need not borrow from the lower classes of the Chinese. What we need now is a National crusade for quiet. It is not a matter of sentiment, nor even a matter of comfort; it is a matter of sanity, of thoughtfulness for the sick, and of decent consideration for the nerves of a nation.

THE MINIMUM WAGE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

MR. WILSON has distinctly stated in his speech of acceptance that he does not regard the Democratic platform as a programme. We Progressives are more fortunate. For we regard our platform as a very practical programme, and we intend to put it into effect if the people give us the power.

Mr. Wilson, while expressing general approval of the Progressive platform, has made specific mention only of those parts which he condemns. Among the things which he condemns is our minimum wage plank.

As reported, he states that he opposes this plank because he thinks that employers, if such a law were enacted, would reduce the wages of all their employees to the minimum prescribed by law. Such a fear is so groundless that I do not believe it would be expressed by any man who has studied the conditions of life and work at first hand among the workers. The objection is purely academic; it is formed in the school-room; it will not have any weight with men who know what life actually is. Those employers who now pay their lowest-paid employees a starvation wage prove by that very fact that they are paying to all their employees the very least that they can get them to take. They have already brought them down as far as possible; if it were possible for them to reduce the wages of their higher-paid employees, they would do so. It is a wholly needless apprehension that they have let any wages stay up by an oversight and would reduce them to a minimum only in case the minimum for the poorest paid were raised by law above the starvation point.

The minimum wage plank is peculiarly in harmony with the general spirit of the Progressive platform. The portions of that platform dealing with social and industrial justice are meant especially to help the men and women who are wage-workers in industrial pursuits. The promises of the platform are specific and reasonable. They are promises which can be kept, and which will be kept if power is given to the Progressives. We stand, in the Nation and in the several States, for the abolition of child labor; for the reduction of hours of labor for women in industry to eight a day; for workmen's com-

[1] This editorial repeats in substance what Mr. Roosevelt said on the Minimum Wage at Spokane, Washington, on September 9.—THE EDITORS.

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pensation laws; for laws guarding the health of workers in factories, and protecting them against accidents to life and limb; for laws securing proper conditions of life to wage-workers; for laws providing that in continuous industry there shall be one day's rest in seven, and three eight-hour shifts a day; and for a law establishing a minimum wage for women workers. No proposals such as these are to be found in the platforms of either of the old parties; and no such platform, we believe, would be or could be enacted into law by either of the old parties.

The Progressive proposal regarding a minimum wage is not an ultra-radical one. It is both modest and conservative. We do not at the moment take up the question of a minimum wage generally; we know that in all matters like this it is necessary to proceed slowly so that we may test each experiment, and then, if the test is successful, proceed further along the same line. The men and women who framed this plank and who advocate it have studied the conditions of life and labor among girls and women in industry and know the dreadful suffering and misery, know the crime and vice, that are produced by a wage that is insufficient to enable the girl or woman to keep body and soul together in surroundings of ordinary decency. Any man who goes to the night session of such a court as the Jefferson Market Women's Night Court in New York City, and who follows up some of the cases brought before that court, will soon learn for himself just what misery and immorality are produced among women when they receive less than a living wage. We are faced with the actual fact of doing away with heartbreaking misery which now exists in the concrete, and we are not to be frightened from our purpose by suggestions of a purely academic kind, however well meant they may be, as to highly improbable possibilities. We intend to put a stop to the misery which now actually exists, and we believe that the minimum wage plank is a humane, practical, and effective method of attacking that misery.

We shall sedulously safeguard the rights of property and protect it from all injustice. But we hold with Lincoln that labor deserves higher consideration than capital. Therefore we hold that labor has a right to the means of life—that there must be a living wage. I doubt whether the protection of the workers from the evils of overwork, unemployment, sweat-shop wages, and child labor will really enhance the cost of production; but, in any event, I would rather see the cost of production enhanced than see it kept low by underpaid labor, physically and morally unhealthy and socially unstable. For, as the great scientist Huxley has pointed out, a society based on such labor, whatever temporary success it obtains, must in the end fall, through hideous misery and degradation, to utter ruin.

I believe that Mr. Wilson, whose sincerity of conviction in this matter I do not for a moment question, and the other worthy and respectable men who in the name of conservatism oppose the minimum wage plank, are misled by the fact that they get their information from study of the laws laid down by political economists who wrote when all social and industrial conditions were utterly different from what they have now become. Under present industrial conditions, to leave wages in all cases to free competition must sometimes mean that under the pressure of the competition the freedom left to the laborer is only the freedom to starve outright or else to starve slowly by accepting a wage insufficient to sustain life as it should be sustained. We in this democracy must shackle force and cunning and fraud alike, and we must not permit the weak to remain at the mercy of the strong who are also brutal.

The men and women who are broken by the hard strain of modern industry, and are driven lower and ever lower until they accept wages which will not allow them to be decently fed and clothed or comfortably housed, cannot render to the community the services which should be demanded of all American citizens. Idleness is a curse and hard, reasonable work a blessing. But wearing overwork, long continued, destroys the body and the soul, and under-payment will achieve the same end and more rapidly.

It is bad enough to exploit men, but it is inhuman to exploit women in such fashion as to force them to sell their labor power at a wage which reduces them to a condition incompatible with the public welfare. I am not at the present time going beyond what the platform of the Progressive party has announced; whether ultimately we shall or shall not do so is for the future to decide. But most emphatically I am standing for the announcements in that platform, and in my judgment one of the best things in it is the declaration for a minimum wage for women workers.

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FOLLOWING THE CAMPAIGN

A WEEKLY DIGEST OF POLITICAL OPINION
AS EXPRESSED BY PEOPLE AND NEWSPAPERS

THE PROGRESSIVE PRESS

LAST week the New York "Press," until then a Republican paper, announced that Henry L. Einstein, sole owner of the paper since 1895, had sold it to Frank A. Munsey. Mr. Munsey is the owner of five magazines—the "Argosy," the "Scrap Book," the "Cavalier," the "All Story Magazine," and "Munsey's." He owns the Washington "Times," the Baltimore "News," the Boston "Journal," and the Philadelphia "Evening Times," all of them Progressive in politics. He began as a publisher in 1882 with the "Argosy." He announces that the New York "Press" in future will support the Progressive party and its National and State tickets. The purchase is the result of an attempt on the part of the adherents of the Progressive party to get control of a morning newspaper in New York; the party had an evening paper, the "Evening Mail," but, in order to reach morning readers too, Mr. Munsey has bought the "Press." We quote from his statement:

The "Press" recognized in the inception of the present political fight that President Taft's candidacy for renomination was a mistake and insistently maintained that if nominated he could not be elected.

The logical and honest thing, then, for this newspaper to do under the conditions in which we find ourselves is to support Roosevelt, who can be elected and whose election would mean the continuation of a tariff that protects the American wage against the cheap wage abroad—the continuation of a tariff that makes it possible for our industries to compete with foreign industries and that protects our markets from the onslaught of foreign invasion.

The "Press," therefore, under my ownership will stand for American prosperity and American industries, which, after all, are the bread and butter issues of the campaign. These will be as safe in the hands of Roosevelt as they would be in the hands of Taft—as safe in the Progressive party as in the Republican.

A tariff that will safely cover the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home and will amply protect our markets from foreign invasion is a high enough tariff. A tariff in excess of this is too high and should be reduced.

The "Press" will stand for this view of the tariff, as it will stand for the protection of the American wage against the cheap wage of Europe, as it will stand for industrial evolution and social justice. It will, too, contend for and fight for whatever makes for genuine progress and genuine betterment of life among all our people.

The comment of Republican and Democratic journals on this event is interesting. As to Republican papers, the Waterbury, Connecticut, "American" may be quoted as an example of fair-mindedness. It admits that "the purchase of the New York 'Press' . . . has considerable significance."

In New York City, as the "American" says, "the Roosevelt cause has been handicapped by lack of a newspaper organ, the only paper in New York City which stands for Roosevelt being the 'Evening Mail.'" And yet:

It cannot be, of course, claimed that the Roosevelt side has gone unrepresented in New York. As a matter of fact, Roosevelt news has been featured more than the news of either of the other two candidates for the Presidency. His speeches have been reported fully, and thus his presentation of his side has been as forceful and complete as possible.

But, on the other side, the Waterbury "American," as a "regular" Republican journal, points out that "the anti-Roosevelt newspapers have constantly answered him," and it adds that they "have constantly made conspicuous his various inconsistencies and insincerities."

If they have not convinced Bull Moosers, these newspapers have at any rate given them a lot of food for unpleasant thought, have undoubtedly aroused a lot of questionings among conscientious Bull Moosers as to whether they were following conscience or not in following Roosevelt. A paper that can editorially answer these disquieting questions with Roosevelt arguments will be of great use, if not in converting others to Roosevelt, at least in keeping conscientious Roosevelt followers true to their leader.

As to Mr. Munsey's statement concerning "the bread and butter issues," another Republican paper, the Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press," opines that "the people are not sure about this." It explains:

During the administration of President Taft the whole country has gradually recovered from the effects of the Roosevelt panic, and every time a man puts his hand in his pocket he realizes that the prosperity now being enjoyed is without a parallel in a Presidential year. Not even a National election has been able to stop it.

When, therefore, Mr. Munsey tries to make people believe that business, industry, and labor would be as safe under Mr. Roosevelt as under

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Mr. Taft, he is challenging personal experience as well as political and financial history whose accuracy cannot be questioned for a moment.

The New York "World" speaks for the Democratic press:

Mr. Frank A. Munsey, purchaser of the valued "Press," becomes our esteemed contemporary at once, not so much by reason of his ownership of a newspaper as by the singular frankness of the avowal of his purposes.

"With no political or personal ambitions to serve," Mr. Munsey's principal aim, as he says, is the election of Theodore Roosevelt. . . . Incidentally, he wishes to preserve "a tariff that makes it possible for our industries to compete with foreign industries."

Recognizing in Mr. Munsey one of the largest stockholders in the Steel Trust, we should have had serious misgivings about this enterprise if he had not at the outset disarmed us so completely. He enters upon metropolitan journalism with the first-rate essentials to success, which are honesty and courage.

The welcome which we extend to him is the more cordial because he does not afflict us with any persiflage about the rule of the people, social justice, or Armageddon and the Lord. Rural tories, closet philosophers, and doctrinaires, exhibiting the peculiar traits of the crook and the jackass, do not trouble him. He goes straight to the point.

In an issue of the "Press" some days after its purchase, the paper thus defines its convictions in an editorial entitled "Six Hard, Cold Facts:"

Fact one—Taft cannot be elected.

Fact two—Roosevelt can be elected.

Fact three—Wilson might be elected.

Fact four—The election of Wilson surely means tampering with the income of the business man, the wage-earner, and the rest of the American public.

Fact five—It is up to the American voter to defend his income, upon which must always depend his outgo.

Fact six—The only way for the American voter to defend his income is to prevent the election of Wilson by voting for Roosevelt.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

For the first time in this country a woman is to be a candidate for Presidential elector. She is Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of Los Angeles, California, and, so it is announced, will be one of the electors from that State on the Progressive party Presidential ticket in November. Speaking of that party, the New York "Times" (Ind.) remarked recently that it "has gone further than either of the other two parties in giving women the chance to do active campaign work."

This party strongly urges the granting of woman suffrage, and women have been elected to the National and State Committees. Miss Eleanor [really Miss Alice] Carpenter and Miss Frances A. Kellor are in charge of the Bull Moose Campaign Bureau, and they have a corps of assistants.

"Women already have been organized to help along the Wilson campaign," we are informed by the same authority:

The Woman's National Wilson and Marshall Organization has been hard at work. . . . Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, the chairman and founder of the organization, is at her desk every day, and a corps of women workers are doing everything possible to convince voters all over the country that their interests will be best served by the election of the Democratic ticket.

"With the appointment yesterday of Miss Helen Boswell and Miss Mabel Boardman to responsible positions in the management of the Republican National campaign this fall," announced the "Times," "the last of the three important political parties has recognized the value of women as vote-getters. From now on the three parties—Republican, Democratic, and Progressive—will compete in efforts to interest the women to get out and work hard for their respective candidates; and from now on the women in authority at the various headquarters will have much to say regarding the campaign."

Hence, concludes another New York City Independent Democratic journal, the "Evening Post," "with Miss Jane Addams and Miss Carpenter on the Bull Moose side, with the offer to Miss Boardman to take care of women voters for Mr. Taft, and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman in the field for Governor Wilson, it is plain that the National chairwoman has arrived on the scene." The "Post" continues:

The politicians have suddenly found out that women vote in six States; that there is an insistent demand for suffrage among them in every other State, and that they have become a political force to be reckoned with. We may take it for granted, therefore, that the chairwoman has come to stay; that henceforth work among the women voters will be as regularly part of a Presidential campaign as among Italians, or German-Americans, or Negroes.

In almost the same words, the New Orleans "Item" (Ind.) comes to the same conclusion, namely, that "this sudden request for aid from these notable women is due to political exigencies." The paper declares:

Conventional stump speakers and hysterical spellbinders may do to round up the male

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voters, but they are worthless in trying to make converts of women, who in this present age have taken the bit in their teeth and are doing their own thinking without any outside help.

We may therefore take it for granted that the woman political worker has come to stay. . . . No doubt politics will be cleaner and less corrupt with her coming.

Miss Boardman, who, as is well known, is President of the National Red Cross, declined the position to which she had been chosen because she did not believe that any one whose name had been closely associated with any great non-political work should permit the use of his or her name when such use would carry more or less the influence of the organization with which the person was identified. For this reason Miss Boardman held that Miss Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, should not have identified herself with any political party.

Some newspaper comment agrees with Miss Boardman's position; other comment does not. That of the Baltimore "Evening Sun" (Ind. Dem.) both agreed and disagreed:

Miss Mabel Boardman, with characteristic good sense, declines to act as Chairman of the Republican Woman's Advisory Committee. As President of the National Red Cross she could not afford to allow that great organization to be even remotely associated with partisan politics. In spite of her friendship for Mr. Taft and sympathy with his cause, she feels it her duty to hold aloof, not to take any active part in the campaign. Her atttiude indicates excellent judgment, and emphasizes her devotion to the Red Cross.

But Miss Boardman's criticism of Miss Jane Addams is not altogether justified. Hull House, Miss Addams contends, "has little value to the community save as it has been able to express certain principles, and thus it has always stood for freedom of speech." Hull House is a result of Miss Addams's agitation for better conditions, and not the cause. Before Hull House was erected she was an ardent advocate of woman suffrage, the prevention of child labor, and similar causes. While her course in plunging into politics may not be commended without qualification, Miss Addams does not stand in precisely the same position as Miss Boardman. In this particular case Miss Addams has the best of the argument.

Miss Addams's own reason for seconding Mr. Roosevelt's nomination is found in her speech at the Progressive Convention:

Measures of industrial amelioration, demands for social justice, long discussed by small groups in charity conferences and economic associations, have here been considered in a great National Convention, and are at last thrust into the stern arena of political action.

A great party has pledged itself to the protection of children, to the care of the aged, to the relief of overworked girls, to the safeguarding of burdened men. Committed to these humane undertakings, it is inevitable that such a party should appeal to women, should seek to draw upon the great reservoir of their moral energy, so long undesired and utilized in practical politics.

As to this, "Life" remarks that Miss Addams's support "is much respected and carries weight," but adds:

We suppose her mind has never dwelt very much on the expedient limitations of governmental supervision of human affairs, or on the consequences in the long run when they are exceeded. If a programme that, on the face of it, promises to better the lives of workingwomen in Chicago looks good to her, we must respect her approval of it as far as it goes. Probably the facts of life as she has seen them have left her lukewarm, at most, in her disapproval of Socialism, and she accepts Mr. Roosevelt's bountiful offer without much scrutiny either of its implications or of its guarantees.

In a later letter published in the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) Miss Boardman redefines her position:

There are multitudes who indorse the causes for which Miss Addams stands, but who do not indorse the platform or the candidates she advocates. In appearing before legislatures and Congressional committees, who represent all parties, to advocate the prevention of child labor, the betterment of working-girls' conditions, and similar causes, Miss Addams has had not only the utmost freedom of speech, but the equally important freedom from active party alignment that might prejudice her hearers and injure her cause.

No party has a monopoly of virtue. These great moral questions, for whose furtherance the country owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Addams, should not be handicapped by the limitation of party affiliation or trammeled by becoming involved in the bitterness of controversies over candidates and utterly irrelevant policies.

"From a part in the old political intriguing and maneuvering," concludes the Chicago "Evening Post" (Prog.), in approving Miss Addams's course, "such a woman might readily abstain. But to ask her to take no part in a movement directed toward the ends to which she has so nobly and unselfishly devoted her life would be to imply that she had been only playing with these ideas, and that she had no great concern in putting them into effect."

In commenting on Miss Boardman's declination to serve, the Newark, New Jersey, "Evening News" (Ind.) calls attention to the connection of women's political activity with the woman suffrage movement:

The Progressive party has already declared its allegiance to the eventual extension of the

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suffrage. . . . To those who desire the suffrage the prospects of their cause probably seem much brighter, and there is no disguising the fact that, whether for good or ill, the extension of the suffrage to women appears to be considerably nearer than it was six months ago.

In a speech at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Mr. Roosevelt recently said:

The Progressive party is the one party which, since the war, has dealt with real issues, and those real issues affect women precisely as much as men. The women who bear children and attend to their own homes have precisely the same right to speak in politics that their husbands have who are the fathers of their children and who work to keep up their homes.

In a later speech at Spokane, Washington, Mr. Roosevelt spoke as follows:

The argument that participation in politics will take woman from the home is just as well grounded as it would be to say that men should not vote because it would take them from their business. It is not so much that women need to spend time as political workers as that they need to work out the questions connected with our Government, and then take the right action at the polls.

But, objects the Chicago apologist of Republican stand-patism, the "Inter Ocean," "the time which women would spend in voting, or even in acquiring the information they might deem necessary in order to vote properly, is not a main ground of objection to woman's suffrage. No one imagines that women could not easily take the time to do that, if they chose to do so."

It is not because woman's suffrage will take woman's time from the home that intelligent people oppose it. It is because it will tend to take something else from the home, something as infinitely precious as it is practically indefinable, something in the immemorial relation of man and woman that the modern family can ill spare.

It is because it will tend to introduce into the home, where spheres should be defined and whence every source of discord should be relegated as far as possible, a fruitful cause of vain contention, a dangerous source of futile friction, and, even at the best, a latent menace to domestic harmony.

It is because it will tend to take from the home the old ideal of the womanly woman, equal to man but different, and to substitute therefor the ideal of the mannish woman, the woman who thinks she can only show her equality with man by doing the things that men do, the foolish woman who thinks that an empty ballot can add dignity to the divine mystery of motherhood and influence to the irresistible charm of wifehood.

The arguments for and against woman's political activity are thus summarized by two influential journals, the Philadelphia "North American" (Prog.) and the Louisville "Evening Post" (Ind.). The first asserts:

Great mothers give to the world great sons and daughters. No degree of amiability, of kindliness, of gentleness, of mere goodness with which nearly all mothers are stamped by virtue of their motherhood, will suffice in imparting character to a child, to give that child the strength and the self-reliance and the sense of freedom that is needed for each citizen in an ideal democracy. The mother herself must be free and must realize her freedom if her sons and daughters are to be truly free. The mothers of this Nation must be genuinely a part of its democracy if it is to be a true democracy.

Again, it says, "Women must be emancipated."

Luxury and ease and peace, if bought at the price of freedom, may be as deadly to the motherhood of democracy as are industrial oppression and economic tyranny.

Without much fear of contradiction, the Louisville paper asserts:

We have not become a unisexual race. The race is still composed of man and woman. These two constitute the unit, and society still promotes efficiency in all of the activities of modern life by a division of labor between man and woman.

Woman's influence is great and on society greater than ever before. Her obligations are great to the family and to the community. . . .

The "Post" even asserts that "woman has already been emancipated," and adds:

She is as free to-day and as untrammeled as man. In her own field she is absolute. Outside of it she is and will ever be secondary. Men and women have been emancipated together. They have shared together in all of the benefits of modern civilization. They have been fitted by these benefits for better service. Each generation marks progress in the amelioration of the conditions of men, women, and children, else our civilization is a failure.

Finally this authority declares that "freedom is not a thing of itself to be desired." It thus describes the word:

Freedom implies the greater activity of man's natural forces, and a wiser application of all of his energies, truer views of life, higher efforts and broader visions. If freedom means simply a refusal on the part of women to live a normal family life, a refusal to perform the duties inseparable from the laws of existence, the household cares and activities, then freedom itself may be the greatest curse that can fall upon women. Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three things men, women, and children seek, and without them they are poor indeed.

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THE BLINDFOLDED GODDESS

BY MARY WILLARD KEYES

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

"A LETTER from America for you, Isaac."

The old man who sat in the corner by the stove took the letter eagerly. Holding it close to his eyes, he commenced reading it.

"Are you not going to let me hear it also?" asked his sister Marta in a querulous voice. "Not that I expect it will be any better than the others."

"Yes, yes; you shall hear it. Listen:

"'Dear Father—I hope you are well. Aunt Marta and Cousin Isaac also and the children. We often think of you in our old home in Warsaw and wish we could see you but it would be strange for you here, and you would not be happy in America, it is all so different from your home. If you were not so old, you might come. But we must give up that thought. Perhaps I will visit you in a year or two if I can leave my business. The clothing trade is very good at this season. We are all doing well. You would certainly like to see us in the house we have here. We keep our carriage and we ride in the Central Park. Shendela and Rebecca and little Yetta take music lessons. They are like you, they love the violin and the piano. All the children but only Moses are musical, and Moses has high marks in school. I send you a money order. It is all the change I happen to have by me at the moment. When you receive this, you may think of us in the feast of the Passover. Rebecca and our children send their love to you. With love, from your son,

"'MORRIS ZAKOVITZ.'"

After a silence old Isaac said, "It is well that they are prospering."

"How much did he send you?" queried Marta, sharply.

"It is twenty rubles. He said it was all he had by him at the time of writing."

"And last time it was how much?"

"Twenty rubles."

"And the time before that?"

"The same. He knows my wants are not many. There are five children, and it costs a great deal to live in New York."

"Yes," sneered Marta, "it does cost a great deal to keep a carriage and drive in the park. And violins and pianos for three children! And music lessons! Silk dresses, too, I've no doubt, and plenty of meat and

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good wine! But the old coat and the old hat for the father left behind, and a bit of black bread for him! Morris is a good son since he went to America, truly!"

"Yes," asserted Morris's father, stoutly. "Yes, he is a good son. Perhaps he has forgotten how it is in Russia now he lives in a free country. I, too, would go to free America if I were younger."

"If I was a man, I'd go, whether I was old or not," declared Marta. "If I had a rich son, would I live here and work and make my old sister work for me, and my nephew give me a house? Isaac has six children, but he can look after his old uncle. Morris has five, but he can send no more than twenty rubles once in three months. He is rich and proud. He has rich friends. He is ashamed to have his fine friends in America see his poor old father."

Much as he longed to see his son, it is doubtful if Isaac Zakovitz would ever have left his corner but for Marta's goadings.

And now he was going. He had his passport and his letter of credit. A small bundle contained all his goods.

"Take enough for the voyage only," advised Marta. "Why should you hinder yourself with old clothes when you can soon have fine new ones in America?"

His violin was not left behind.

On the deck of the steamer that carried Isaac up the harbor stood a hearty young German. He had been in America before.

"*Heil!* old Frau Liberty," he saluted. "I seen you before, and I know you. I know just how much to believe in you. Liberty—to slave in a factory! Liberty—to sicken in a dark tenement! Liberty—to get bare living wages in a coal mine. That is what you give to enough of us. You stand at your front door and don't know what is going on in your house. You should have your great eyes covered with a great bandage."

"Still, you seem to be coming back to try again," suggested a neighbor in the crowd.

"*Richtig.* There is always a chance. Once get a start! Your grandchildren may live on Fift' Avenue! No laws hold you back. It is not so bad, but, all the same, I would like to see that old lady there with her eyes well tied up, and then she would not look so much like she would show you into her *Vorzimmer!*"

Isaac Zakovitz had been patiently miserable throughout his voyage. In all his wretchedness he had had only to touch the letter in his bosom to feel comforted. He did not doubt that his son would be glad to see him, though he had not apprised that son of his coming. He was entirely confident of a glad and warm welcome awaiting him. He thought with pleasure of seeing the children—Shendela, Moses, Rebecca, and Yetta, and a six months' old baby he had never seen who bore the strange "American" name of Eleanor Frances, after some rich American friend.

The steamship had sailed up the bay in the morning, but it was late afternoon before the barge to which Isaac had been transferred left him at the barrack-like Barge Office on Ellis Island. The weary official, leaning over a counter, had uttered the same questions that day in twenty different tongues. Toward five o'clock he glanced at the little, stooping, long-bearded figure before him, and commenced in Yiddish:

"How much money have you?"

"I have five rubles."

"No money! Do you know we deport people who have no money? You are too old to earn your living." He indicated to Isaac a portion of the bare wooden hall barred off from the rest and filled with a collection of human beings, old or diseased or penniless, all with aspects of misery and fear.

Old Isaac perceived them with terror, and understood only too well.

"But I have a son," he cried. "See! Here is my letter from my son."

"Is he waiting for you outside?" asked the officer.

"He does not know I am here. I have made for him a surprise. But he is rich! He will take care of me and I will be no burden to your country. Do not—*do not* send me back to Russia."

"Where does he live? How will you find him?"

Isaac brought out a worn piece of folded paper and displayed his son's address, at the same time boasting, "My son keeps a carriage and drives in the park."

The interpreter shot one searching look at the letter and another at Isaac; but in that patient face he discerned only what he so often saw—a blending of weariness, anxiety, and hope. He motioned the old man on to the next official, having given about one

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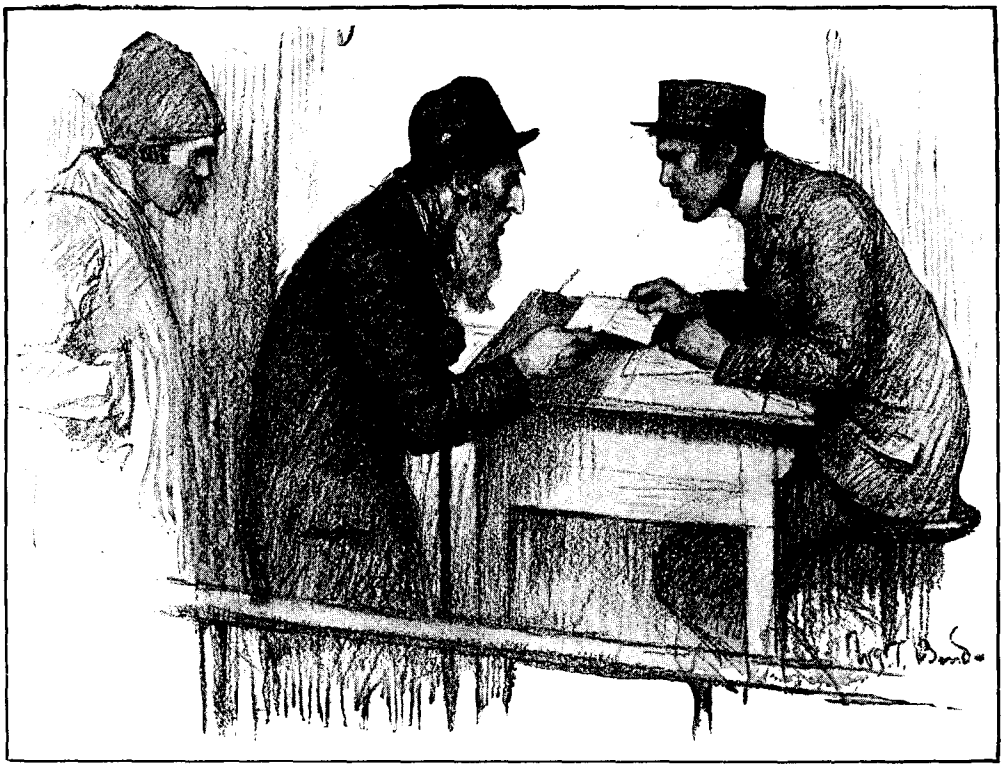

ISAAC BROUGHT OUT A WORN PIECE OF FOLDED PAPER

minute and forty seconds to the consideration of the immigrant Isaac Zakovitz, from Warsaw, Russia,

After being shoved here and there, on cars and off cars, his strength nearly spent, his mind quite dazed, Isaac at length found himself on a horse car. Something made him feel strangely at home. Opposite sat a patriarch almost his counterpart, and several others in the car wore the high hats and long coats with which he was familiar. Also the women and young men were of a type he knew well.

"You have just come to America?" His vis-à-vis had crossed to him.

"Yes," he said, "from Warsaw."

"I am from Kiev. If I had lived in Warsaw, I would never have left to come to this New York. They do not murder us in Warsaw. Have you friends here?"

"Yes; my son. I have come to surprise him. He thought the journey would be too hard for me, but, behold me! He will take care of me and I shall do well. Is this place far from here?" and he showed his tattered scrap of paper.

Isaac's new friend peered at it and read out, "'127 Hester Street.' No, we are nearly there. I myself live not far from Hester Street, and I will go with you."

Isaac gratefully acknowledged his kindness and thankfully let him appropriate his heavy bundle as they left the car. Something like a shock came to the old man as he looked around him in the street. The buildings all about were tall, built of brick and trimmed with stone. They seemed new, and appeared rather fine to him. But the glimpses he caught of their interiors showed them very mean and squalid, and the street itself was unspeakably dirty. The crowds that surged by, filling all the space not occupied by push-carts, was a poorly dressed, a dingy, and a ragged crowd. There was no sign of any park.

They made a turning. Isaac's friend was by this time supporting him with one arm. Wonderful is the power of endurance in the Jewish race. But for this race heritage the old man would have fainted long before, for he had been standing, on the steamer deck, on the barge deck, or in the Barge Office, most of the time since morning. And now he began to think the limit of his strength was reached.

All at once he heard music, blatant and

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rollicking music. He struggled to make his way through a crowd of children around a hurdy-gurdy, dancing by pairs on the sidewalk and in the street.

"Here we are," said the man from Kiev. "This is 127 Hester Street."

"No!" in distress from Isaac. "No! it cannot be. My son would not live here. My son is rich. He keeps— Oh, I can go no further!" He sank on to the doorstep.

"What is your son's name?"

"Morris Zakovitz."

A few inquiries were made. Then a shrill cry arose from the children.

"Yetta Zakovitz! Yetta Zakovitz! Here's an old man wants your father."

One of the little dancers detached herself from the crowd and ran up.

"I don't know him," she said. "What does he want?"

But Isaac knew his granddaughter.

"Little Yetta," he whispered, "I am your old grandfather. Don't you remember Aunt Marta and grandfather in Warsaw? Take me to your father."

Five-year-old Yetta handled the situation with composure.

"Moses," she bawled, "here's our grandfather. You come and take his bundles," and from somewhere Moses did appear. The two children helped the old man to rise. Leading him by the hand, Yetta piloted him through a hallway, numbers of children trooping after. Out into a courtyard they came, then into another building, a rear tenement, up the stairs, up, up, up—not so far in reality, but seeming endless to him who had begun in Warsaw two weeks ago the journey of which this was the finish. Somewhere in the darkness of the hallway Moses, by instinct, found the door handle. "Father!" he shouted, with a full sense of the import of his news; "Father! here's grandfather!"

And, after all, it was Mrs. Zakovitz who fainted. Her husband caught his father in his arms and laid him tenderly on the bed in one corner of the kitchen. Few words were spoken, and tears flowed freely down the faces of the men as well as of the children. Yetta revived her mother, and Moses, shutting the door with difficulty against those who pressed around it, placed his back against it. As the mother began coming to herself, she commenced wailing, "Oh! why ever did he come? Why did he come? Why didn't he stay in his good house in Warsaw: He will die here!"

"Hush!" said Morris, roughly. "Do you want to kill him *now*, *to-night?*" Then to his father: "Poor father! We thought to keep it from you. To myself I said: 'I will make the old man happy. I will write to him that all with us is fine, just as he hoped.' I sent every penny I could spare, and went without food and clothes, and then I was sick. And I thought, 'Never shall I see my good old father's face again, but he will be glad if he thinks we are prospering.'" Then, after a silence broken by sobs, "But I *am* glad to see your face, my father."

"You have been sick, Morris?"

"Yes. I could not find work one time. The children cried with hunger, and it drove me wild. I am better now. I have work— not steady. If I can keep up, I will find something in the end. God help us!"

It was indeed a very carnival of sadness. A neighbor sent in some wine, and the old man drank a bit, but the bread and garlic the others were having for supper he refused Moses was despatched with the dozen coats his father had just finished stitching. The other children stood around gazing at the old man, who lay in the corner with his eyes shut. Suddenly he opened them.

"Little Yetta, come here," he whispered. "Bring me my violin."

It was put into his hands. With shaking fingers he undid its cover, and brought out five little packages.

"This for Moses," he said, with a wan smile, "this for Rebecca, and Yetta, and the baby. But where is Shendela?"

"Shendela's at music school. She is very late," explained her father, as the children were too absorbed in their new gifts to answer.

"Then *that* is true? The other children, play they also?"

"Oh! you shall hear! 'Becca, take grandfather's violin and play for him."

Rebecca seized the violin lovingly, tuned it, and played a simple air quite correctly. At that moment Moses returned.

"Look!" he cried. "Behold Shendela!"

"Behold our Shendela!" exclaimed father and mother in amazement.

There she stood, their oldest daughter, a pretty, self-possessed girl of eleven. Her bushy curls were neatly tied with a broad red ribbon, her short dress was of spotless

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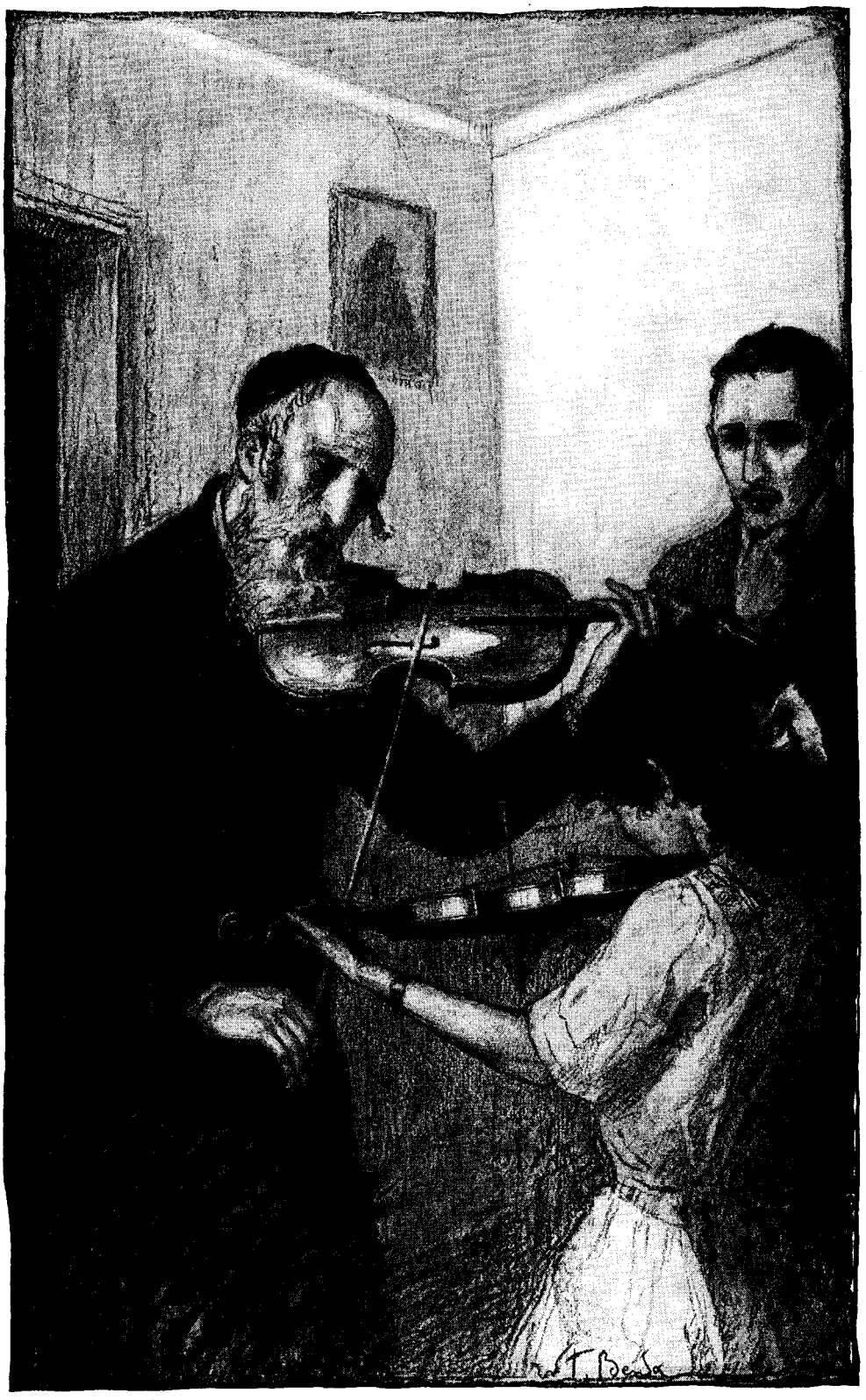

"WHERE SHENDELA HAD PAUSED HE TOOK UP THE THEME"

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white linen, her shoes and stockings were new and neat.

For a moment the children stared, speechless. Then a hubbub began.

"What for a dress has Shendela!"

"Oh, ain't she beautiful!"

"Oh, don't Jenny look handsome!"

"Where did you get them?"

"*I* know. Miss Parker give it to you. Hurrah for Miss Eleanor F. Parker!"

"Be still, you," urged the father. "Remember your grandfather. Tell us, my Shendela, the good news."

"Sure I will," she replied. "Look here." She held up two dollar bills and a fifty-cent piece. "That's what I have earned this week. I earned it giving lessons to the music school, and Miss Parker says I am a good teacher. I am patient with the little ones. Miss Parker says I must not eat garlic any more and I must have neat clothes. She got me these. By and by I pay her back for them. I will earn ever so much money. Miss Parker says we must move to a better tenement—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Zakovitz, sarcastically; "we'll move on to Fifth Avenue tomorrow."

"Here is a note for father," Shendela went on, breathlessly. "She's found a job for him. Her tailor wants a finisher, and Miss Parker has found out from the boss that father does the work fine. Only we've got to move to where it's clean, and she can let us have the money till we save enough, and—"

The voices broke out again, and tears of joy came to wash away the traces of the tears of sadness.

"And that isn't all, though it's the best," the beaming little messenger continued. "We're all going to play in a musicale, us children; little Yetta, too. Yetta's going to play 'Reverie' on the piano. A great lady is going to sing. She was to the music school this afternoon. She sings at the Metropolitan Opera-House. I had a love on her at once. Miss Parker said to me, 'Play that thing I like so much to Madam—' I forgotten her name. So I played this. I can't never remember where I learned it, it was so long time ago. You know it, father."

And Shendela raised her violin to her shoulder and commenced a sad strain in a minor key. It wailed and rebelled and then it became patient again.

"Hold! Shendela!"

For the first time the young girl noticed the presence of the newcomer. Of all the children she alone had a clear remembrance of him. Not yet greeting her, old Isaac stood upon the floor. He raised his violin, and where Shendela had paused he took up the theme. She accompanied him, but presently he carried the music on where the child could no longer follow. Its mournfulness turned to triumph, its patience to solemn joy. Life returned to the limbs and animation to the weary face of the tired traveler.

"*I* taught you it, Shendela," he cried. "You heard me play it when you were a baby, often. It is my own song, a song of the Jew in Russia. When I was a young man, I made it. But never after I grew older did I play the ending. I despaired. I said, 'Never shall we be free. My grandchildren, perhaps, but not I.' Yet now, courage! For even I am come. The road to freedom is here. Little Shendela shall show us the way. Come to your grandfather, little Shendela."

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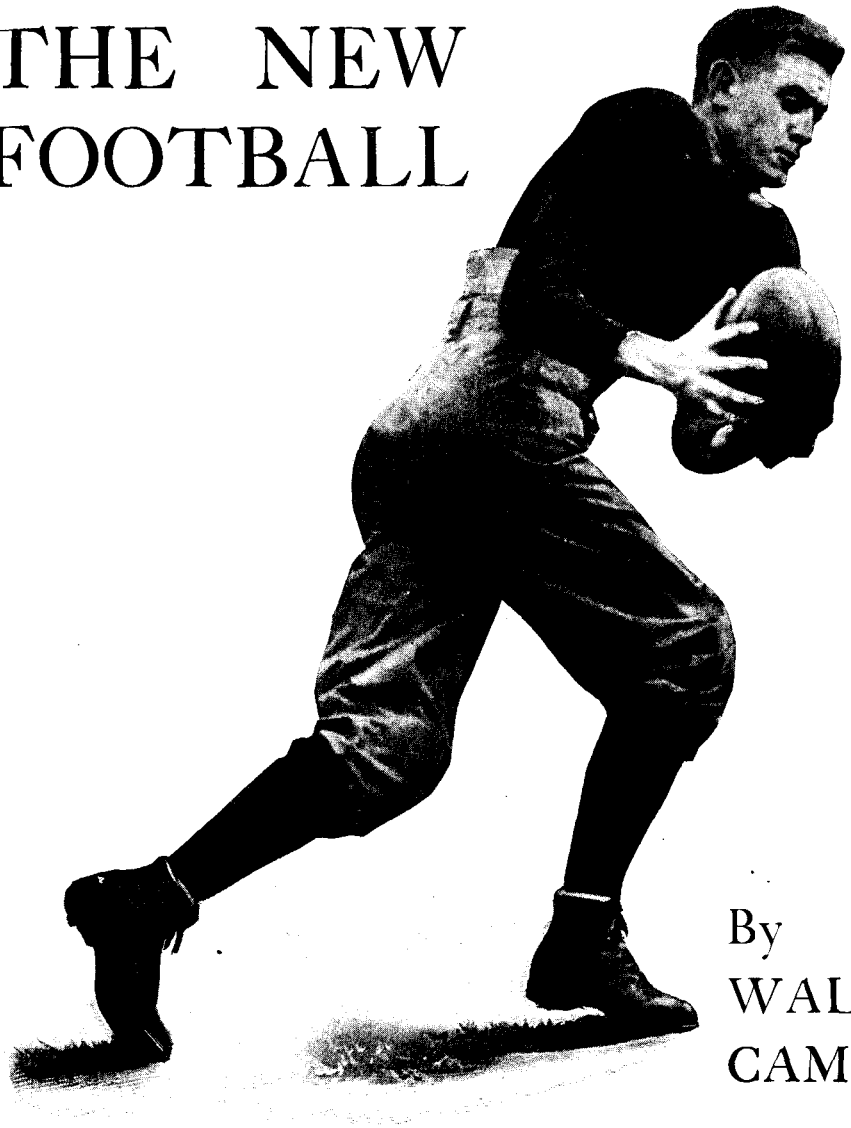
THE NEW FOOTBALL



By WALTER CAMP

SOME years ago Mr. J. Low, who edits the "British Annual Golf Book," in reply to a criticism as to the poor wording and inconsistency of the golf rules and the suggestion that a code be drawn up in simple form by some expert, confessed that a committee had already attempted this, and that the criticised code was one upon which the committee had had such suggestions, and those suggestions had been by no lesser light than the Honorable Mr. Balfour.

So it has been proposed for a year or so now that the American football rules be placed in the hands of a professional codifier. The truth is that a few years ago Mr. Hall, the present chairman and the editor, felt that such a plan might bring out greater simplicity, and therefore placed the matter in the hands of one of the most expert law codifiers in Boston, and the present rules, with the exception of those which have been added the last two or three years, are the result of the work of that professional codifier.

It seems comparatively easy to a man to understand the game of golf or the game of football, but when the attempt is made to put in words the exact rules that shall govern all cases, to draw up in plain language and little space a simple code, the difficulties begin. When any body of men undertake this, they find it more difficult than is at first assumed; and if any man should stand with his code before a gathering of some three hundred officials and coaches and see whether any

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AMERICAN FOOTBALL

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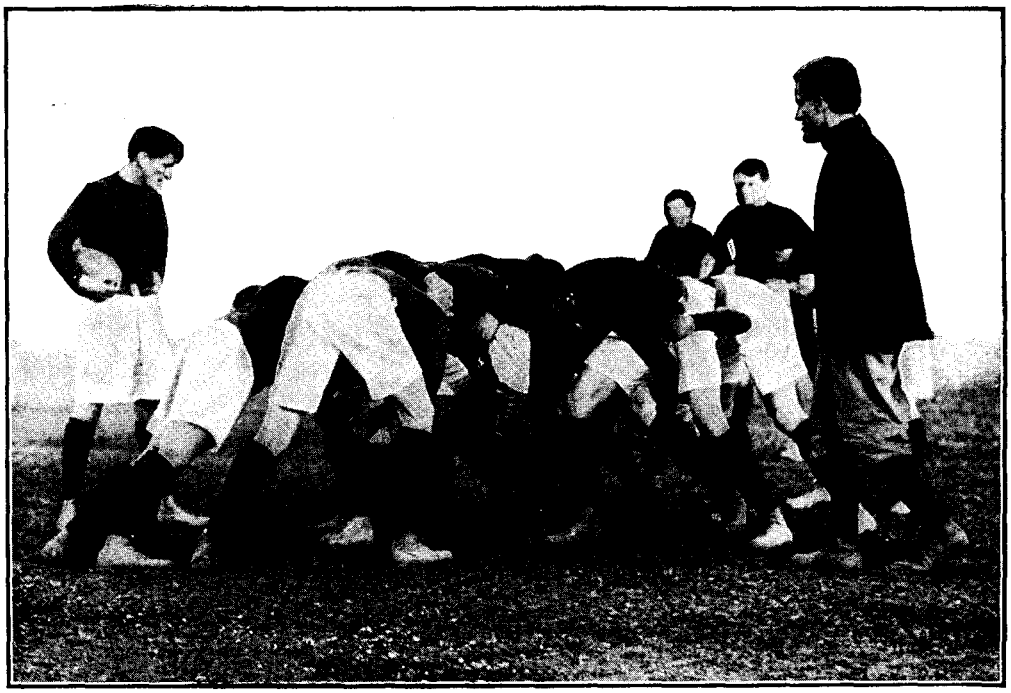

THE "SCRUM" AT ITS FORMATION—ENGLISH RUGBY

flaws can be picked in his code, he would face the same situation that the football committee faces annually, and he would realize that a complex game entails complex rules.

In fact, that is actually the difficulty with the game, for it is one which involves so many situations that there can never be anything but a long code of rules. But, some one contends, why not return to the simple English Rugby? Now the simple English Rugby is not as simple as it was, and, more than that, the English Rugby is played on tradition rather than on rules. It is only necessary to quote one of the best British writers on Rugby football to demonstrate this conclusively. He says: "There are only two methods of playing the scrum to-day, and they are heeling out or wheeling the scrum." He further continues: "Both of which means are illegal under the rules, but no team would stand a chance that did not practice them."

The American rules, although they have been cumbersome, raised little difficulty either in the minds of players or spectators until the introduction of the twenty-yard zone.

It is needless to go into explanation of this, but a sufficient suggestion of the difficulties which its introduction (with the forward pass) entailed can be gained from the following: After the Rules Committee had completed their work and the results were turned over to the editor as final, he wrote to members of the Rules Committee who had voted in favor of this measure, asking each for his ruling on a play that must come up frequently in the game. The replies were diametrically opposed. The editor then tested two other cases, with similar results. This was no fault of the gentlemen who answered these questions, but the fault of the introduction into the game of a practically unrulable proposition. By unrulable, in this case, is not meant that after months of experimentation a rule might not have been framed that would cover the exigencies that might arise, but that the introduction of such an element would, for a time at least, involve complications that would result in the above situation.

Starting, then, with the confession that the game is such that the code will always be long and complicated, is it possible to answer the criticism that has been made for the last two or three years, that American football had ceased to be a game of play and had become a game of rulings? Such criticism has been fair, and can hardly be answered when considering the play of the last year or two. Nine-tenths of the people seated in the huge stands have been unable to understand the rulings and penalties of this twenty-yard zone and forward pass. Officials have gathered at the interpretation meeting in the fall and have made every effort to aid each other and the players in making the rulings as clear

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as possible, and I believe that captains and players have gone whole-heartedly into the game with a desire to clear up misunderstandings and play the game on its own merits. Yet at the games the people on the field, officials, and coaches have been mystified many times. Now, no game is certain of having satisfactory and proper rulings if at least one-half of the spectators who look on do not understand what is fair and what is foul, and are not competent to judge whether the rulings are correct or not.

So much for the rules and their situations. Now as to the actual play. American football made its way into the hearts of the people of this country largely through the running game, and the other games which involve kicking have never, in this country, attracted the attention of American Rugby. This is the game that developed from the time when Yale and Princeton played at the St. George Cricket Grounds at Hoboken before a crowd of three hundred spectators, most of whom came in through a hole in the fence, to a contest where now a stadium seating forty thousand people is inadequate and there are probably forty thousand more who would be glad to pay their two dollars for a seat could such a seat be obtained. For the last two or three years the running element in the game has become less, and its consistency has practically disappeared. Much of this comes from the forbidding of pushing and pulling the runner, a method which had been very strongly developed in the game. But pushing and pulling the runner had produced mass plays of a serious nature so far as accidents were concerned, and it is a fact that no one of those in authority would ever consider taking any chances of a return to that kind of mass play by permitting once more pushing and pulling.

Now, it was necessary for the Rules Committee to increase, in some measure at least, the consistency of the running game, and at the same time to reduce very materially the complications introduced by the twenty-yard zone protection to the forward pass. In the interests of the game of football, if the critic will bear in mind the distinction between the harmful mass play, which had become a serious menace to the sport, and the kind of play known as line plunging, we shall have a fair view. A mass play in its worst form consisted of a body of five or six men closely locked together, with the runner in their midst, which struck with great force a single player in the opposite line. In the line plunging game of the present day the line plunger has no one behind him to assist

SPILLING A MAN ON A FORWARD PASS—NOW FORBIDDEN

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him. He may have two or three men ahead of him, and he may repeatedly plunge into the line, but this is not mass play, and as long as the pushing and pulling is left out there is little danger of mass play. Bearing this distinction in mind, those who will witness the game this fall should not confuse the line plunging which will be done, and in which men like Wendell, the Harvard captain, are exceedingly good, and mass play, which was the old form of compact bodies of men crashing their way through a special point in the line.

In detail the Committee has answered the criticism by the following comparatively simple changes. They have allowed four downs in which to make the necessary ten yards gain. This is an increase of the number of downs, and, while under the old rules it was necessary to make an average of three and one-third yards to the down, it is now necessary to make but two and one-half. This will be a very marked aid to the running game. It is perhaps possible that it may be too marked an aid, and another season this may be altered to twelve yards in four downs, or eleven yards in four downs, either of which will be easily measured in case it should seem wise to curtail somewhat the line-plunging system. Second, the forward pass has been allowed across the goal line. It seems to the writer that the other provision would have been sufficient addition to the power of the attack for the first year, and it would still admit of one of the most exciting incidents in the game, namely, the heroic stand of a team on the defense when forced down on to their own goal. There will no longer be anything of this kind in the game, as the back-field men will be forced away from the rush line by fear of the forward pass, and, whether the attack finally uses that or the running play, there will be no spectacular feature in the effort of the one team to get over the line and of the other to meet that attack and hurl it back. The value of the touch-down has been increased from five points to six, so that a touch-down is equal to two field goals, and after the goal has been kicked from the touch-down the value is one point greater than the two field goals. In case of a touch-back the ball is to be put in place from the twenty-yard line instead of the twenty-five-yard line, and on the kick-off the ball will be kicked from a point sixty yards away from the goal kicked at, instead of fifty-five yards as at present. A bounding ball cannot score a goal. The field is shortened ten yards in order to give room for the forward pass over the goal line. The twenty-

THE PUSH AND PULL PLAY—NOW FORBIDDEN

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yard zone is entirely abolished, and with it the office of one of the officials, namely, the field judge. The intermission between the first and second and the third and fourth periods is reduced from two minutes to one minute, and the number of men allowed to walk up and down the side line, which two years ago was five and last year was three for each side, has now been reduced to one.

We shall know more about these rules after they have been in operation a season, but they represent at least the honest and sincere efforts of the Committee to meet in every possible way what have seemed, after a fair trial for two years, the difficulties that have presented themselves.

Now, while no one can predict exactly what these changes may produce in the way of a game, for rule changes in football have ever been productive of certain unexpected results, it is of interest to make a few predictions as to the possible extent of these changes. First, considering the four downs, as already stated, where formerly it was necessary to gain an average of three and one-third yards to the down, that distance is now shortened to two and one-half yards. Many are inclined to believe that this will bring the game back to the old running play to such an extent that we shall see a team progressing steadily from its own twenty-five-yard line down to a touch-down. This may prove true, but without pushing and pulling it cannot bring in the old distinctive mass play, and there are many good critics of the game who believe that the elimination of pushing and pulling is a greater loss to the running attack than is made up by this extra down. Perhaps it is fair to conclude that a team will gain ground with some measure of consistency (if there is an average well-developed attack) in the line plunges. But that it will eliminate the attempts at runs off tackle, forward passes, and kicking seems to be a too extreme view, and the majority believe it will only give the necessary consistency to the running play. One of the important changes also favoring the attack is bringing the ball out only to the twenty-yard line instead of the twenty-five-yard line from a touch-back. A good deal of consideration was given to the proposition that the ball be brought out only to the fifteen-yard line, but this seemed too great a change to make at one step. The side on the defense had been released from danger too readily under the old rule, and the attacking side has never had the just reward of getting the ball up into the opponent's territory, for when it could be brought out to the twenty-five-yard line from a touch-back it practically eliminated for the defenders all danger unless there was a strong wind blowing against them. This may have tempted teams to try the field-kick goal even more recklessly. But standing against this is the increased value given to the touch-down. With a certainty that a goal kicked from a touch-down may not be tied by two field goals, the team is pretty sure to make a very determined effort to score a touch-down if there is any chance of doing it. A very necessary alteration was one which provides that a ball striking the ground after the drop or place kick may not score a goal. This has not been a usual occurrence, but it happened in two instances last season that a ball kicked so as to strike the ground in the field of play bounded over the goal and thus scored.

The shortening of the field by some ten yards seemed advisable after the rule was made allowing a forward pass to cross the goal line, for without this provision the fields would prove dangerous when a space ten yards behind the goal line was made live territory for the forward pass. Theoretically this shortening of the field should make scoring slightly easier. Probably in practice it will be hard to tell the difference.

Permitting the forward pass to be in play across the goal line, as stated already in this article, loosens the defense quite materially when the ball gets within the twenty-five-yard line. It will also increase quite materially the strength of the offense, for the back-field men must look out for the forward pass, and thus will be unable to back up the line as closely as they have done under the old rule.

The abolition of the twenty-yard zone will make it much simpler for the officials and for the players, besides taking away a feature that was always puzzling to the spectators. It is this elimination of the twenty-yard zone that makes it possible to do without a field judge, his duty of timing going to the head line-man. It is evident that the forward pass may now be made so that the ball may travel any distance up the field without being rendered illegal, as it was formerly when it went a greater distance than twenty yards. The on-side kick is entirely abolished, as it was considered distinctly too dangerous, men often running violently into each other in the attempt to secure the ball. This may have some effect in the way of per-

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HURDLING—A DANGEROUS STYLE NOW FORBIDDEN

mitting the side receiving the kick a greater latitude of judgment. As to giving the backfield men the privilege of blocking the ends when these men run down the field under a kick (formerly they could not be blocked within the twenty-yard zone), this will give an opportunity for the return to the game of one of the prettiest and most spectacular features, namely, the running back of the kick by the man receiving it. Under the rules which prevailed last year, there was very little of this kind of work, because the ends were protected for twenty yards and thus secured such a good start that the man in the back field had little chance of getting under way for anything like a good run.

The provision that the ball, when kicked off, is to be placed sixty yards away from the opposite goal is due partly to the shortening of the field and partly to the desire to avoid the break in the play which becomes necessary when the ball is sent across the goal line from the kick-off. The players are all keyed for action at the moment of the kick-off, and there is always a disagreeable sensation incident upon the waiting to have the ball brought out for the kick-out after it has been sent across the goal line. As the kick-off is usually made against the wind, it will take a good kicker to send it across the goal line from this greater distance, and, more than that, the opponents will have a better opportunity to run it out if they decide to take the chance. It should also be noted in this connection that the unfairness noticeable in the rules last year which made it possible for the winner of the kick-off to have it at the beginning of each half has been rectified. In the second half the loser of the toss made in the beginning of the game has the choice of the kick-off or goal exactly as has the winner of the toss at the beginning of the first half. The shortening of the two minutes intermission between periods to one minute is merely to expedite the play and not have the men stand around and take cold or get stiffened up; and the further step of cutting down the number of men allowed to walk up and down the side line is a move for greater simplicity.

Upon the whole, it may safely be said that every change made by the Committee had a very definite weakness of the game in mind, and yet the alterations are along conservative rather than experimental lines. Moreover, whether they hit exactly the points desired, they are designed to be productive of further information rather than of complications, and it is certainly fair to say that the rules had become over-complicated and the play had taken on a similar character, which lent itself to contention and misunderstanding rather than definite, clean-cut rulings. Now all we can do is to await the test of this fall's play.

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DR. THOMAS BROWN McCLINTIC

A HERO OF PEACE

BY ALFRED C. REED

UNITED STATES HEALTH SERVICE

PERHAPS no other attribute of human intelligence commands the respect and reverence of civilized man so instinctively as the chivalrous devotion, be it to person or principle, which reckons death a mere incident, and makes no count of personal loss or glory. Greater than the mighty men of war are the heroes of peace, who, counting death or victory but steps of progress, have faith in human destiny and courage to do a great work in simplicity and quietness.

For many years past in the States of the Rocky Mountains there has been known a strange disease, which every spring has claimed a fresh and increasing toll of victims. Rocky Mountain spotted fever was first noted in the Bitter Root Valley in Montana in 1873. Up to 1902 about two hundred cases were observed, and in recent years it has spread to adjoining States, until the entire Rocky Mountain division is affected. The mortality of the disease varies inexplicably from 90 per cent in Montana to 2 per cent in Idaho. Its greatest virulence has been in the Bitter Root Valley, along the eastern slopes of the magnificent snow-clad Bitter Root Mountains. A wide,

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pleasant valley is here, fertile and inviting, with a river running through it. The eastern side, from the river to the rolling foothills, is populous and prosperous. The western slope, from the mountains to the river, has been a dangerous pest spot. The explanation lies in the wood-ticks. They infest the entire valley, but only the ticks on the slope of the western mountains are infected with the virus that causes spotted fever. These wood-ticks attach themselves to live stock, as well as to rodents, such as gophers, squirrels, and rabbits. If infected, they transmit the disease to human beings through their bite.

Tick fever is an overwhelmingly severe disease. It has many points in common with typhoid and typhus fevers, and at one time was supposed to be akin to Japanese "river sickness," the Tsutsugamushi disease. It has been studied for over a decade by skilled observers, especially in the United States Public Health Service. In 1911 the Montana State Legislature made an appropriation for continuing the work which had been begun by Dr. Ricketts, and Passed Assistant Surgeon T. B. McClintic, of the Public Health Service, was sent to the Bitter Root Valley. After familiarizing himself with the conditions, Dr. McClintic decided on two lines of procedure—the eradication of the wood-tick, and the laboratory study of the disease. The tick season is chiefly in April and May, when the snow is melting, and at this time each year spotted fever appears. In Dr. McClintic's own words, "It was decided to select a limited area in one of the worst infected territories, and to put into operation the best known methods for the eradication of the tick. An infected area of eight square miles was selected near Victor, Montana (in the Bitter Root Valley). The work was carried on at Victor from May until August, when the laboratory side was continued in the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington." The eradication of the tick was accomplished in the selected district by dipping domestic animals and stock in an arsenic mixture, and by killing wild mammals.

Dr. McClintic soon became the leading authority on tick fever. He did valuable work in search of a curative or preventive serum. In March, 1912, he was married to Miss Theresa Drexel, of Washington, D. C., and soon thereafter returned with his bride to Victor in readiness for the tick season. In midsummer he was taken sick with the disease which claimed his life. No case of spotted fever has developed in the Bitter Root Valley this year. Dr. McClintic had driven the pestilence out. But as it went, it struck down the man who had conquered it.

Thomas Brown McClintic was born December 27, 1872, in the mountains of Bath County, Virginia. His ancestry was of clean, strong stock. In 1896 he graduated from the University of Virginia in medicine, and the following year became an interne in the Marine Hospital at the Port of New York. After a year he was appointed an acting assistant surgeon, and did quarantine duty at the Cape Fear Station. In 1899 he was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the Public Health Service, and was soon put in command of the Cape Fear Quarantine. Three years later he was sent to the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington, and received a thorough training in pathology and bacteriology, taking up also the investigation of various public health problems. After two years he was ordered to Tampico, Mexico, to study yellow fever and prevent its introduction into the United States. After another period in the Hygienic Laboratory he was sent to the Marine Hospital at San Francisco. At the time of the great fire at San Francisco he was serving as medical officer on the United States revenue cutter McCullough, and rendered conspicuous service in the care of sick and injured. The next three years were spent in quarantine duty and cholera prevention in the Philippines.

Many times has the hand of epidemic disease struck amid the ranks of its foes. Yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid, plague, cholera, they have taken their toll. But the ranks close up, and the fight goes on to make our country a cleaner, better, safer place for man to dwell in.

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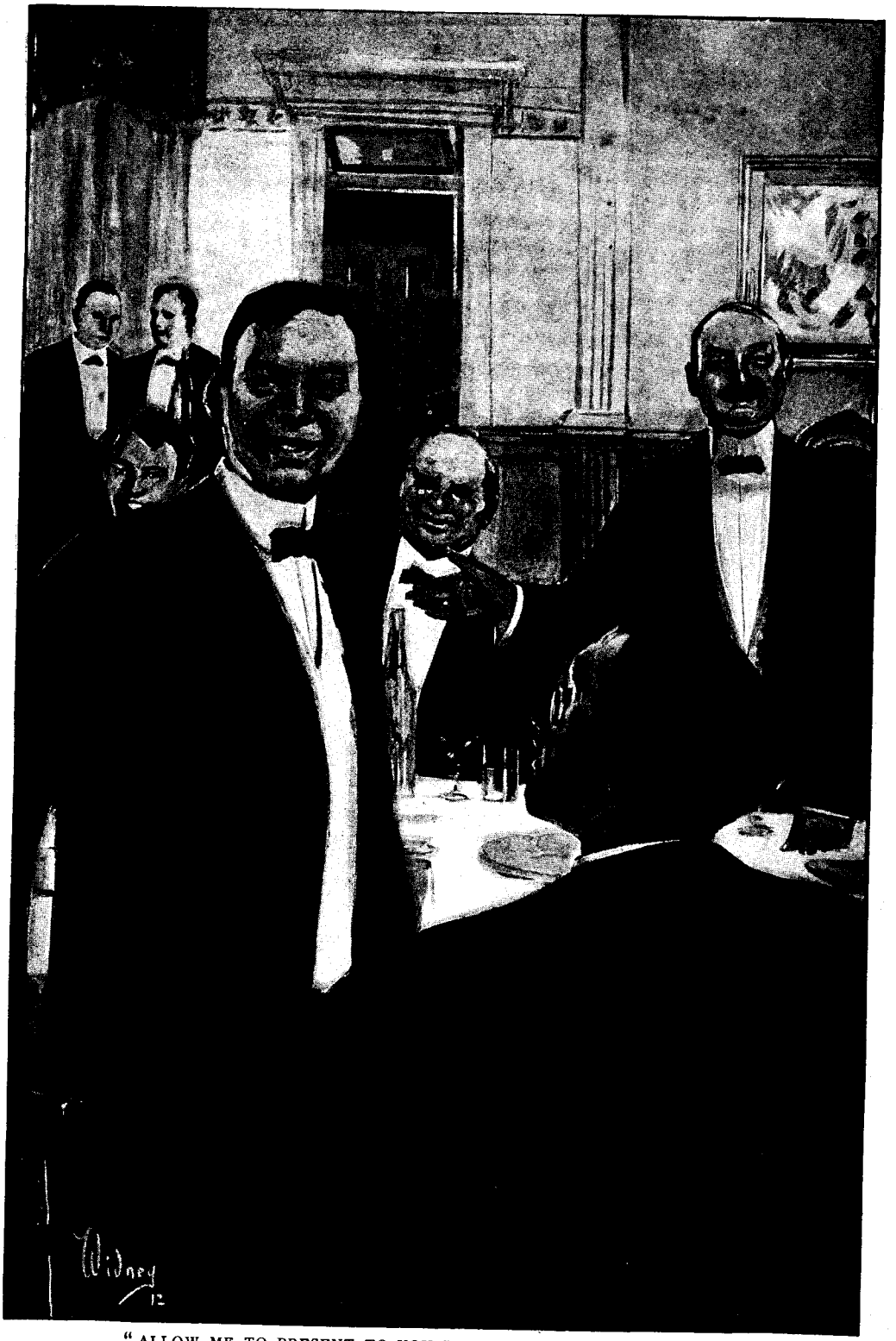

"ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU THE PRUNE CHAMPION OF 1910"

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PARTICULARLY PRUNES

ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF PETE CROWTHER: SALESMAN

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G. C. WIDNEY

"WELL, what's on your mind to-day, Pete?" greeted Sam Cartright, of the grocery firm of Cooper & Cartright, as Pete Crowther stepped into the store and shook hands.

"Prunes."

"Prunes?"

"Prunes!"

"What about prunes?"

"I want to sell you some."

"Oh, come, Pete! Why not a barrel of granulated sugar?"

"Because sugar isn't prunes."

"No; but prunes is prunes."

N'ot unless they're Aragon prunes."

"Aragon?"

"That's what. We've got hold of the best line of prunes in the country and are putting them out under our Aragon brand, and that means class. See?"

"Oh, well, you know we buy our line from Bond-Mathews and—"

"Sure; and I'm not trying to get your general line. This is something special. That's why I'm here."

"You'll have to excuse me to-day. I'm mighty busy; besides, we've got all kinds of prunes—enough to last two months."

"Smith wants to talk to you over the 'phone about those new delivery wagons, Mr. Cartright," interrupted Jim Sanders, the head clerk.

"Come in some other time, Crowther; I can't spare a minute to-day," and Cartright hurried away.

"What are you trying to put over on Cartright?" inquired Jim.

"Prunes."

"Prunes?"

"That's what—prunes."

"You've got your nerve, all right."

"Sure; I need it in my business. Have a cigar, Jim?"

"Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner."

"Say, Jim, I'm going to sell Cartright some prunes, and I want you to get on to my scheme for pushing them," and Pete unfolded to Sanders the salient points of his plan.

"Not a bad idea," admitted Sanders, "but you'll never sell Cartright a bill of prunes to-day."

"How's your prune trade, anyway, Jim?"

"Nothing to brag about; Cartright said yesterday that it isn't what it ought to be. Well, good luck to you, Pete," and he turned to wait upon a customer.

"What, still here?" exclaimed Cartright, half an hour later, as he encountered Pete at the lower end of the store.

"Still here. I know you're busy to-day, but then you always are. I've got a great scheme here, Mr. Cartright, and I want you to know what it is. You'll be interested whether you buy or not."

"You don't mean to say, Crowther, that there's anything new in prunes?"

"Exactly that. In the first place, just take a slant at these prunes," and Pete produced his sample. "Aren't they the goods, though?"

"Specially prepared for samples," grinned Cartright.

"Nit—taken right out of stock."

"A fine prune, all right," admitted Cartright.

"The best prune ever grown in the Santa Clara Valley," asserted Pete. "And, say, I want to show you something; let me have one of your best imported French prunes—a St. Julien." Pete took out his knife and cut the two prunes open, and then drew a magnifying-glass from his pocket. "Now take a squint through this glass, and notice that this Aragon prune has got the same fine soft fiber as that French prune, and it's got just as rich and nutty a flavor, too. It's this way: The owner of the prune orchard where Aragon prunes are grown is the best prune expert in California. He sent to the Loire Valley in France and imported prune slips, from which his orchard was raised. Aragon prunes are really St. Julien prunes grown in the Santa Clara Valley. We've got the whole line, and they don't cost you any more than ordinary California prunes."

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"Oh, we've got enough good prunes. The problem is to sell them."

"Precisely; and that's where my scheme comes in. The fact is that not one store in a dozen is doing the business in prunes that they ought to. Is your prune trade what it ought to be?"

"It might be better, but then we can't take the time from other things to push prunes."

"What's the matter with letting us push them for you?"

"How?"

Pete produced a card. "You see, Cartright, one reason why prunes are in bad is because there are so many poor prunes on the market. They set the pace. Nobody is trying to brace up the reputation of good prunes. It's time to say a word for them, and here you have it. How's this for a song-and-dance on prunes?" and he handed the card to Cartright, who glanced it over. It read as follows:

WHY YOU SHOULD EAT PRUNES

(1) Because they are richest in food value of any fruit.
(2) Because, when properly prepared, they are the most appetizing and satisfying.
(3) Because they have a distinct medicinal value. They exert a direct and beneficial action upon the liver.
(4) Because they are cheapest of all saccharine sub-acid fruits.

WHY YOU SHOULD EAT ARAGON PRUNES

(1) Because they are specially grown and packed for Dodd, Garrells & Co., at the best prune orchard in the Santa Clara Valley, and put out under the well-known Aragon brand, thus guaranteeing their quality. Aragon stands for quality.
(2) Because they are equal to the best imported French prunes, and yet sold at the price of common prunes.
(3) Because Aragon prunes are rich, sweet, plump, and luscious—in a class by themselves.

HOW TO COOK ARAGON PRUNES

Cleanse thoroughly, soak in water ten or twelve hours, adding a little granulated sugar when putting to soak, but not much, as Aragon prunes are rich in natural fruit sugar. After soaking let them "simmer" on back of stove. Do not boil them. Boiling prunes will spoil them. Keep lid on. Shake gently—*do not stir*. When tender, serve cold with prune juice and cream.

"I'll leave it to you," commented Pete, "if that description of Aragon prunes doesn't make a man want to eat a prune; and, say, that statement about prunes being beneficial to the liver is straight goods. People fall for the health racket nowadays. That one point alone makes that card a center shot. Another thing that gets prunes in bad, they aren't cooked right. Most cooks make a mush out of them, but when they are cooked according to that card they come up so plump and fresh that a dish of strawberries ain't in it; and you know how women bite when you show them a recipe."

"What of it? We couldn't keep a boy at the door handing out these cards—we have too many other things to do."

"Sure, and that's where we help out again. We are going to put these Aragon prunes, at the start, into only two stores in a town; one of them a regular customer—Price's, in this town—and the other not a regular customer. Of course we want to get you people, but if you don't take them I'll get them into Thomas's; he's working up a cracking good business, and he's out for new schemes. But suppose you put them in; we'll have you and Price each give us a list of fifty families and we'll send a boy around and deliver a half-pound package of Aragon prunes at each place. One of these cards is in each package. See? They'll be snapped up good and plenty. People like to get something for nothing. Then we send you with each case twenty-five paper bags with 'Aragon Prunes' printed on the outside. You wrap the prunes up in these bags. We also send a quantity of these cards and you slip a card into the bag. That's all you do extra, and the prunes will do the rest. Then, besides, we send you three or four big cards a foot square, printed the same as these cards, only in larger type, and you put one in your show window and hang one or two up. How's that for a scheme to jack up your prune trade? But that isn't all. We go one better. We send, free of charge, a twenty-five-pound case of prunes wrapped up in half-pound packages with a card in each package, and you hand them out to customers who ought to use prunes, but don't. All this time the prunes will be getting in their work, and, believe me, the Aragon brand will give tone to the deal—the people in this town are getting wise to the fact that Aragon means class. The scheme is a winner, Cartright."

"How do you sell them?"

"Nine and a quarter. How's that for a price?"

"The price is all right. What's your proposition?"

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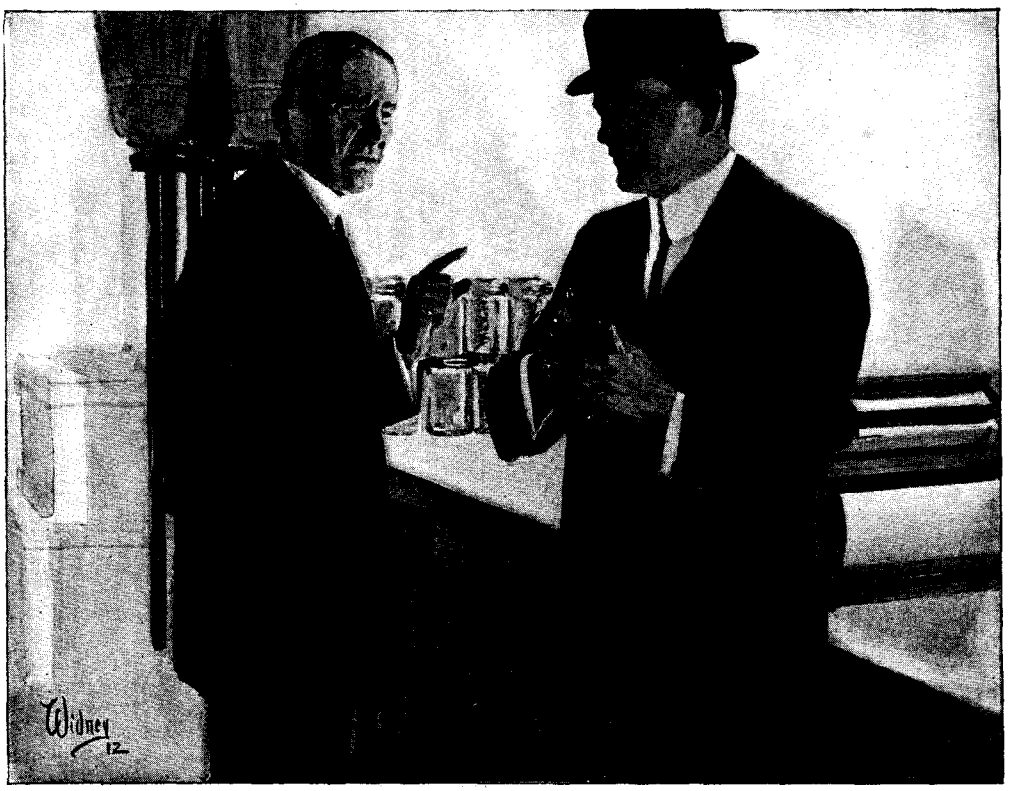

"IF THOSE PRUNES DON'T MOVE I'LL COUNTERMAND THAT SECOND SHIPMENT AS SURE AS GUNS"

"They come in twenty-five-pound cases. We want a thirty-case order."

"What, seven hundred and fifty pounds of prunes? Not on your life!"

"Why not?"

"It would overstock us. We've got a good supply on hand now. No, we can't make a deal to-day. Come in some other time."

"See here, Cartright, this scheme will work, and I'll take a chance along with you. I'll split the shipment. I'll send fifteen cases now and the other fifteen in sixty days; and say, if the thing doesn't go, you may countermand the second shipment. We will be taking more chances than you. Look at the advertising we do on it. What do you say?"

Cartright thrust his hands into his pockets and meditated. Pete pulled out his order-book.

"All right, send them along; but see here, Crowther, if those prunes don't move I'll countermand that second shipment as sure as guns."

"Sure; but, you take it from me, they'll move. Much obliged, Cartright. Good-by."

"Good-by."

During the next few weeks Pete devoted his spare time to a prune propaganda. He handed prune cards to conductors, brakemen, hotel clerks, and proprietors. He gave them to fellow-drummers with the request that they call for Aragon prunes at hotels and eating-houses. He employed small boys at ten cents each to hand cards out along the main streets. He left cards upon hotel desks, writing-tables, and store counters. He sold a bill of Aragon prunes to the two leading grocery stores in nearly every city along his route, and left a trail of prunes and prune cards across the State and back. Within sixty days mail orders commenced to pour in, and, as a result of the campaign, Dodd, Garrells & Co. shipped over 30,000 pounds of Aragon prunes into Pete's territory within three months. The firm closed a contract for nearly the entire output of the prune orchard, and made these prunes a permanent feature of the Aragon brand.

The time was drawing near for the annual banquet which Dodd, Garrells & Co. were accustomed to give to their traveling force. Mr. Dodd and Mr. Garrells were in conference over the programme. "Why not have

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a toast on 'Prunes' and get Crowther to give it?" suggested Dodd.

"Do you think he'd do it?"

"I'll speak to him about it."

A week later, when Mr. Dodd broached the matter to Pete, he promptly balked. "Why, I never made a speech in my life," he protested.

"You needn't make a speech. Just give them a talk on salesmanship and specialties, and particularly prunes."

"What! me tell men like Fordham and Parsons and those other fellows how to sell goods? Nit. Get Parsons to do it. He's a star salesman, and he can talk."

"See here, Pete, you are getting to be the best specialty man on our force. You are making our Aragon goods jump. Specializing is a very important thing in our business. The men all know what a record you've made on prunes. Several of them have asked me how you do it. I'd like to have you talk about it—not a speech, you understand, but just a plain talk in your own way. I would consider it a favor. Think it over."

The upshot of the matter was that Pete was on the programme for a toast on prunes. Mr. Dodd acted as toastmaster. When introducing Pete, he called attention to the circumstances that had precipitated the prune campaign. "When we loaded up so heavily with those prunes last fall, it looked for a time as if we were badly overstocked. To be sure they were choice prunes and the price was right, but, as you all know, it became necessary to do something unusual to make that stock move. You salesmen all helped out, but I don't mind telling you that nearly all the special features of that selling scheme were originated by Mr. Crowther, and I might also say that during the past three months we have shipped 32,400 pounds of Aragon prunes into Pete's territory, and so allow me to present to you the prune champion of 1910."

When Pete arose to speak, he was greeted with a volley.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried Parsons, "We have with us to-night—"

"Pete's here because he's here, because he's—"

"Oh, cut it out! Give Petey a chance."

"What's the matter with Pete?"

"He's all right."

"Who's all right?"

"Pete!!"

This reception was precisely what Pete needed to put him at his ease. "Go to it, gents," he grinned, "but I'll come across with some prunes. You watch out. When the old man—that is, Mr. Dodd—asked me to go on this programme, I said, 'Nix, I'm no orator;' but he said I needn't make a speech. He just wanted me to give a little talk, so that's what this is—a game of talk. Now about that prune business: I've noticed that one danger in selling goods is that after a man gets a trade worked up he's liable to get into a rut. It's easy to just go around and take an order for what a customer wants, and then beat it to the next one. When a man gets into that habit and stops working new schemes, he begins to let down and loses interest in his job. It's a big thing in salesmanship to have your job look good to you. People like to deal with a man who's stuck on his job. Salesmanship is a corking good job so long as a man's trade keeps growing. There's always more fun while you're getting a thing than there is after you've got it. When a man stops growing—no matter what he's at—his job begins to look punk. I know a couple of fellows that go out over my territory—good salesmen, too—who have stopped going ahead, and every time I meet them now I notice that they've got a grouch on—always kicking about traveling being a dog's life, and all that kind of stuff. Now one of the best ways to beat that is to specialize. A man that keeps specializing is always digging up something new and interesting about goods and—"

"Anything new and interesting in prunes, Pete?" called Parsons.

"That's what. I'll pass the prunes around in a minute; but I was going to say another thing about specializing—it's one of the best ways to work up new trade. In every town there's one or two good stores that you can't sell. Somehow you get in bad and can't make a dent in them. It's easy to pass those places up, but a man never gets anywhere by quitting. Now the best way to jimmy into places like that is to tackle them every little while on some Aragon specialty. Here's a case that's in my mind: a store out on my territory—Cooper & Cartright—the best grocery in town. I don't know why I never could sell Cartright. He's a good fellow and always treated me white, but always turned me down. He's stuck on buying from Bond-Mathews. Well, I used to drop in there about every other

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"WHILE HE'S LOOKING AT IT YOU GIVE HIM THE RIGHT KIND OF A SPIEL ABOUT THE PRUNE ORCHARD"

trip and give him a holler on some special thing in Aragon goods. It took me four years to break in there. I finally downed him with those Aragon prunes, and he's been selling stacks of them since; and now he has put in Aragon olives and Aragon baking-powder. I'll get him on the whole Aragon line yet, and that's the beauty of specializing. One reason why the wholesale grocery business is such a bully proposition is because it gives the best kind of a chance to specialize. You can trot out a new specialty every two or three months, and as soon as you dig up the facts about an article it gets mighty interesting. The facts about anything are always interesting. You take a prune. In some ways it looks like a yellow dog—everybody takes a kick at it. But one day I went with my wife to an art gallery. I don't know anything about art, but I saw a picture there painted by one of these big artists—I've forgot his name—a picture of a barefooted boy and a yellow dog, and, say, I couldn't take my eyes off that dog. 'Cause why? Because he was the real thing. Now if an artist can make a yellow dog as interesting as that, why can't a salesman do the same thing with a prune? You take it from me, he can if he'll go to it and get at the facts. I sent out to California and got some photographs of the prune orchard where they grow Aragon prunes, and I found out about the man that grows them, and, say, he's the best prune expert in California, and he imported the real St. Julien prune slips from the Loire Valley in France, and his orchard was grown from those prune slips. The fact is that Aragon prunes are St. Julien prunes raised in the Santa Clara Valley, and they've got these Imperial prunes and Hungarian prunes and Italian prunes skinned to a finish. 'Cause why? Because they're softer and plumper and have a higher percentage of fruit sugar. Believe me, it's as interesting as a detective story. And do you gents realize that Aragon prunes have got a lot of proteid in them and that—"

"Hold on, Pete—proteid?"

"Sure; proteid is the nourishment stuff in food. If it wasn't for the proteid in it, your food would be nix. That's why prunes fill you up so quick—they're full of nutri-

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ment. Then, too, prunes are rich in properties that stimulate a man's liver. Prunes are the best kind of a liver tonic."

"Sure about that, are you?" called one of the men.

"Sure. I've tried it, and look at me. Prunes are the healthiest kind of a breakfast food. Caruso eats prunes for breakfast every morning, and see what a robust—"

"How do you know he does?"

"I saw it in the papers. But I don't have to prove it by me and Caruso. I know a doctor that's a food specialist and I was talking to him about prunes. He's the man that put me wise to that proteid thing. I showed him that prune card, and he said that the statement there about prunes being good for the liver was correct. Another thing the Doc. said: he went on to explain how there's some kind of connection—I don't know—between a man's ideas and his insides that's got a whole lot to do with the way they work. He said that if a man believes that prunes are good for him and he eats prunes, why they will make him feel better, anyway, and so it's a good thing to circulate those prune cards, no matter how you look at it. The more prunes people eat, the better for them—that's what the Doc. said—and so when a man specializes on prunes he's a public benefactor. See?

"Another thing I did. I got a magnifying-glass. It beats the band how everybody likes to look at things under a magnifying-glass. If you cut open an Aragon prune and get a buyer to look at it through a magnifying-glass you'll get him going, because the prune has got a soft, meaty, chocolate look that makes a man want to bite right into it; and while he's looking at it, if you give him the right kind of a spiel about the prune orchard and tell him what a rich, sweet, nutty flavor an Aragon prune has—"

"Did you say nutty?"

"That's the word—nutty; and it's a good word to use when you talk prunes—everybody likes nuts—why, you'll get his goat.

"One thing more. I want to say one or two things about the Aragon brand. The more I think about that brand, the bullier it looks. I've got a friend who's a Christian Scientist, and the other evening he tried to make me believe that there isn't any such thing as a thing. He claims that there isn't anything to it but what's in a man's mind. Of course that's all tommy-rot, because you can see a thing and feel it, and so of course it's there and it's a thing. If it was all in your mind, you couldn't bump up against it. But, all the same, there's something in his proposition, because ideas have got a whole lot to do with what's in goods. You take a prune. Now of course there are different kinds of prunes. Some are small and hard and sour, and others are plump and soft and sweet; I guess a Christian Scientist would admit that when he's buying some, anyway. But take a good prune, and what is it? Show it to one man, and he will say that it's nix—a second-class boarding-house thing, not fit to eat, and that's what it actually is to him because that's his idea of it. Show the same prune to another man, and he'll tell you that it's a rich, succulent proposition, because his idea is—"

"What's that succulent?" called Parsons.

"It's a word I saw in a fruit-grower's circular, and it looked good—sounds kind of juicy—so I copped it. But I was going to say that a good prune is only half of the case. You've not only got to have the right prune, but your man has got to have the right mental slant at it. What a prune really is depends about half on what's in the prune, and the other half on what's in a man's cocoanut. See? Now that's where brands come in. That's why Aragon is such a big thing in our business. We've been yammering away on the Aragon brand until we have got people to see that the word Aragon means something choice and fine. Just standing all alone, Aragon means class. That idea is in people's heads. Now you take a case of good prunes and put the Aragon brand on it and there you've got the prune and the idea hitched up together. That's why Aragon prunes are the best in the world. And right here I want to say that one reason why we are the people is because Dodd, Garrells & Co. are the Aragon house, and you take it from me—"

The rest of Pete's peroration was lost in a tumult of applause, in the midst of which he wiped the perspiration from his face and took his seat.

"That was a mighty good talk you gave us, Pete," said Parsons, after the banquet, as he shook Pete's hand in congratulation.

"Thanks. How's everything going, Parsons?"

"Oh, business is fair, but I've been a little off lately—a nasty pain in my back."

Pete bent over and spoke confidentially into Parsons's ear. "It's your liver; eat Aragon prunes," was what he said.

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HEADING TO VOL. LVII, PUNCH, 1869. DRAWN BY CHARLES KEENE

THACKERAY'S PUNCH-TABLE TALK

BY E. V. LUCAS

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS LENT BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "PUNCH"

THE history of Thackeray's connection with "Punch" is well known. He began to contribute in 1842, when he was thirty-one, the paper having been founded in 1841; he joined the staff at the end of 1843, and remained actively upon it for eight years, contributing, among other things, the "Snob" papers, many of the Ballads (including that famous warm-hearted one in praise of the Punch-Table itself, "The Mahogany Tree"), and a variety of other matter, even to satirical art criticism. He left the inner staff, owing to differences into which there is no need to enter here, in 1851, but continued to write occasionally until 1854. Yet, although Thackeray ceased to write then, he did not sever his social connection with the paper at all, and frequently joined his old friends at the Table at the weekly dinner till within a few days of his premature death, often either suggesting the cartoon or materially assisting in planning it.

THACKERAY'S MONOGRAM CARVED ON THE PUNCH-TABLE

In 1858 a new recruit came to the paper in the person of Henry Silver, then a young lawyer of thirty, to take the place left vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold in 1857, and Silver kept a record of each dinner that he attended and the best things said there, for twelve years, until, in 1870, he too retired.

Silver died in 1910, leaving a seven-figure fortune, which the papers were so tactless as to describe as that "of a 'Punch' contributor," but which, I need hardly say, did not represent his earnings as a comic journalist; and leaving also to the proprietors of 'Punch' a large collection of original drawings by Leech, Tenniel, Keene, and other of the paper's artists, together with his Dinner Diary. It is this Diary which now lies before me and

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yields the present crop of Thackerayana, which, if not of the highest value, have an interest inseparable from any words spoken by that shrewd and benignant great man at his ease among colleagues whom he trusted.

Before, however, we come to the Diary proper, it would be well to survey the staff in the year 1858, when Silver began to take notes. The editor was Mark Lemon, the corpulent and genial, who had controlled it from the first number—July 17, 1841—and who must always be considered its father. At any rate, be the "onlie begetter" who it may—and there is a certain mystery surrounding its birth—it was Mark Lemon's personality which more than any one's determined the personality of Mr. Punch. In 1858 Mark was forty-nine, with twelve years of life before him, and this Diary reveals him in a very pleasant light as a simple, jovial, kindly, philanthropic, busy man of the world, and a devoted husband and father. It is evident, also, that he had much tact. His contributions to the conversation are chiefly reminiscences of the earlier days of "Punch," of the stage, and so forth, but he says a few good and many sound and serious things, and occasionally brings stories of his children, as when he tells of one of his little girls saying to her sister, who wished to keep her out of the drawing-room, "Let me go in; I've as much parlor blood as you."

Next to Lemon in authority and resourcefulness was his deputy, Shirley Brooks, whom the Diary shows us to have been a less simple soul than Mark—very ready with anecdotes, puns, witty criticisms, improvised burlesques, and good suggestions for cartoons; a *viveur*, and a good deal of a cynic. Brooks was then forty-two, and had been on "Punch" only seven years. Like Lemon, he was a very versatile and industrious man, and could turn his ready pen and astounding memory to anything. But neither was more than a journalist; nothing that they wrote lived after them. Shirley Brooks is, for the most part, a brilliant commentator, interjecting single remarks, but he has stories too, a little sardonic or destructive as a rule, as when he tells of the Yankee who refused to allow his wife to bring their children to see him hanged. "What a shame!" she replied; "just like you, never letting them have any pleasure." Brooks had many interests, and one week writes off to Augustus Egg, the artist, a suggestion for a picture: Dr. Johnson in his night rambles putting pennies in beggar boys' hands as they lay asleep on doorsteps. If this was not worked upon, it should be.

Shirley Brooks was to succeed Mark as editor in 1870, and Tom Taylor was to succeed Shirley in 1874. Tom Taylor in 1858 was forty-one, and had been on "Punch" since 1844. He was less nimble in fancy than Mark or Shirley, but was more solidly grounded than either, and not only was known by his dramas and adaptations, but had been Professor of English Literature in the London University, and was art critic of the "Times." He, like Lemon, is chiefly reminiscent, and brings accounts of dinners he has attended and men he has met. But he has a few stories, one of which is of a child asking to be allowed to wear his drum while saying his prayers if he promised not to think of it.

An older hand on the paper than Taylor was Horace Mayhew, brother of Henry Mayhew, who had been in at the birth with Mark Lemon, but was now living in Germany and devoting his time to the literature of philanthropy. Horace in 1858 was forty-two, and had just come into money which enabled him to take life easily and treat his "Punch" duties rather lightly. He was known as "Ponny"—supposed by Silver to be derived from pony, Mayhew having acted as Mark Lemon's pony or sub-editor, for some years. He could be argumentative and provocative, but that was when he had dined particularly well. One of the neatest puns in the book is his. Percival Leigh had been to Southampton, where he had played skittles in an alley decorated with portraits of the Muses. "The motto," said Mayhew, "should be, 'Descend, ye Nine.'"

Percival Leigh, known as the "Professor," was trained for a doctor, and at Bart's had had as fellow-students Leech, Albert Smith, and Gilbert à Beckett, all on the staff of "Punch" in their time. Leigh joined the paper soon after it started in 1841. In 1858 he was forty-five, and he lived until 1889. The Diary makes him a rather precise, if not dull, talker, and fond of serious discussion. Leigh and Leech were not only old friends, but they had collaborated, before "Punch" was started, on the "Comic English Grammar" and "The Children of the Mobility."

Next, the two artists; for there were but two at the Table in 1858. Chief of these was John Leech, who, born in 1817, had

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MARK LEMON, THE FIRST EDITOR OF "PUNCH"
Pencil drawing by W. H. Margetson

been at Charterhouse with Thackeray (although much his junior). He joined "Punch" when it was three weeks old, and was its greatest draughtsman for many years. He was now forty-one—too near the end of his short life, and beginning to be the victim of those street noises which accelerated his death. The "Diary" shows him to have been less genial and tolerant in conversation than with his pencil; but he was of the greatest use in discussing the cartoons, although it was urged against him that his disapproval of suggestions was too drastic; a "Juggernaut," Keene later called him. Leech's conversation is largely critical, but he has stories now and then, very much in the vein of his social

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WHAT HAPPENS AT OUR WEEKLY MEETING WHEN T. T. (TOM TIB) EXCEEDS A CERTAIN LIMIT. (HE ALWAYS DOES)
Drawn for "Punch" by Du Maurier in 1866

jokes in the paper. One, for example, is of a little girl who was asked why she was so affectionate to her aunt, almost more so than to her mother, and replied: "Oh, mamma, of course I love you best, but then I must be civil to aunt because she spreads the jam."

Next to Leech, John Tenniel, the only member of the staff at that time who is still living. Sir John joined "Punch" in 1850, and passed into honorable retirement in 1901. He is now (1912) in his ninety-third year. The Diary records few of his remarks, but shows him to have made excellent suggestions for pictures. He and Leech hunted together a good deal.

The proprietors were William Bradbury, grandfather of one of the present heads of the firm, and Frederick, or "Pater," Evans, whose daughter married Charles Dickens the younger. There is no Evans in the business to-day.

As to Silver himself, who, like Thackeray and Leech, had been educated at Charterhouse, he seems to have been a very modest, quietly observant young man, with a useful knack of writing whatever was wanted on the rather more substantial side—such as theatrical notices, and so forth. His chief contribution to the paper was a comic history of costume, illustrated by Tenniel. His printed work contains nothing so good as some of the impressions of personality in this Diary.

Such, then, was the staff of "Punch" in 1858, when Silver's Diary begins; but it is with these men only in relation to Thackeray that we are concerned. The Diary records many amusing things said by them; but, for the most part, these are anecdotes, puns, and repeated jests. Able as they were, and, collectively, powerful as they were, each is dwarfed in the presence of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

In 1858 Thackeray was forty-seven and the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes." "The Virginians" was now appearing serially. He had still to become editor of the "Cornhill" and to write "The Roundabout Papers" and "The Adventures of Philip." In the summer of 1858 the unfortunate quarrel with Edmund Yates had begun, and was still in progress. Yates had written in a periodical an account of Thackeray which Thackeray thought not only unjust but too personal. Thackeray also thought that only

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by being a member of the same club (the Garrick) as himself could Yates have obtained some of his data, and he therefore demanded Yates's expulsion. Dickens took Yates's side, and the "Punch" men naturally took Thackeray's; hence to a large extent the regrettable hostility to Dickens which continually appears in the Diary, but of which I say little or nothing. Rather let us remember and again remember what each man said of the other in moments of calm detachment, and particularly Thackeray's tribute to Boz:

> I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will be one day to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully, I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

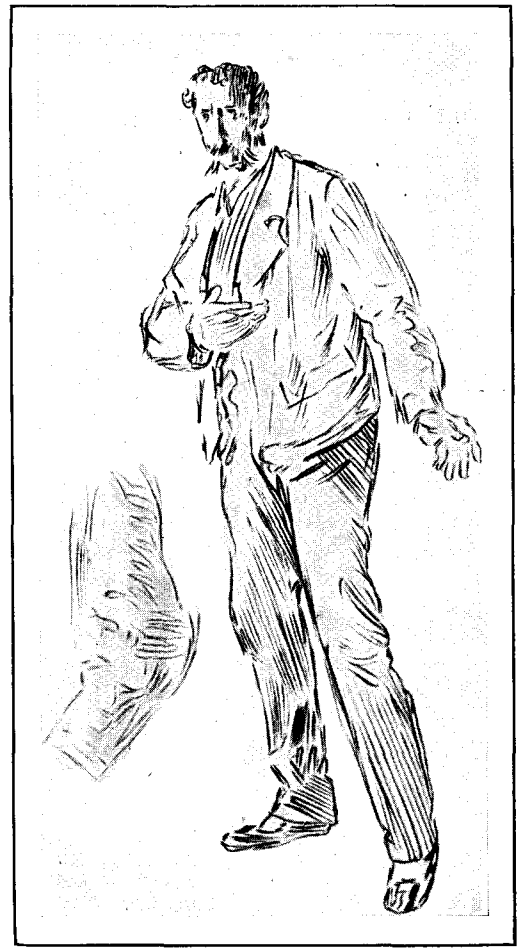
The situation was not made less difficult by the circumstances that Mark Lemon and Dickens had been close friends and Evans was the father-in-law of Charles Dickens, Junior. Also that Bradbury & Evans, after having been Dickens's publishers, were about to start a rival to "All the Year Round" called "Once a Week."

We meet Thackeray at the Table first on October 21, 1858, the dinner being at the Bedford in Covent Garden; and he is at once kind to Silver and takes champagne with him. To have been at Charterhouse was a main road to the heart both of Thackeray and Leech. Thackeray "makes a cheese Devil to wind up with. Talks of Mackay [Charles Mackay, the song writer, now forgotten] and his liking for Kitawba wine; and says his poetry is like it—sparkling but not so creamy as Moore's champagne or so sound as Scott's claret." Brooks makes some reference to the "Hoggarty Diamond," whereat Thackeray "challenges him to champagne and inquires after his health and family's. Thackeray says that Leech has the best beer and claret in London. Wishes for a cottage like Macready's, the walls hung with caricatures and cuts from 'Punch:' there would he end his days."

On December 15, 1858, it is discovered that an article in the preceding number, entitled "A Hall of Dazzling Light," describing Evans's Rooms under the name of "Bivins's," was by Charles Dickens, Junior, and is voted an imitation of Sala. Thackeray describes Sala's style as "Dickens and water." The name of Sala, I may say, often crops up in these pages and always leads to an argument as to how clever he is. One or two of the staff seem to have been a little envious of his success.

On December 22, 1858, we find a guest at the table—Sir Joseph Paxton, the great gardener and builder of the Crystal Palace, who was always welcome. "Plain-spoken man," says Silver, "and drops an H occasionally; but clearly a clear head and not a bit stuck up." Sir Joseph (who was born in 1801) confesses to having drunk in his time "enough champagne to wine the road from St. Paul's to Hammersmith."

On January 19, 1859, "Leech applauds the 'Saturday Review' for cutting up Jerrold." Mark Lemon defends Jerrold, and in parting says to Silver, "I don't like to hear



A STUDY-PORTRAIT OF CHARLES KEENE
Pen drawing by the artist himself

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him ill spoken of; he was always kind to young men and gave them a helping hand." Among the stories of Jerrold, a few of which are recalled whenever his name is mentioned at the Table, is his remark to some one who said that when Thackeray was in Rome they tried to make a Roman of him, "They should have begun with his nose." It is needless to explain that Thackeray's nose was broken when he was at Charterhouse, but it is not so generally known that that is why he gave Titmarsh the names Michael and Angelo, after the great artist, who also had this disfiguration. Thackeray and Jerrold seem not to have been on the best of terms. One reason given in this Diary is that the sight of Jerrold eating peas with a knife got on Thackeray's nerves.

Thackeray comes in again on January 26, and at the Table receives and corrects a "Virginians" proof. He tells Silver it will inform him of the name of the head master at Charterhouse a hundred years ago—Dr. Crucius. Owns to having been flogged, and says it "hurt like hell."

On February 10 there is talk of books. Shirley wonders if reading books which one hasn't time to read on earth will form one of the joys of paradise. Thackeray says that a man who produces cannot hope to read much. He then describes a German pianist guest of his who threw his best cigars on the fire, saying, "We pays duppence for a zigar like zis at Brussels."

On March 2 Thackeray is present to eat a haunch of vension, but has to leave at nine to "go to a tea-fight at the Bishop of London's." Thus do the gods interfere. But before he goes he has the opportunity to "laugh consumedly" at a joke of Shirley Brooks which I cannot possibly print, and to make a few kindred ones himself, and to say to Silver: "I went to Charterhouse the other day. Hadn't seen School come out since I left. I saw one little fellow with his hands behind him and a tear on his cheek, and two little cronies with their arms round his neck, and I knew what had happened and how they'd take him away and make him show his cuts." Mr. Spielmann, in his "History of 'Punch,'" quotes nearly the whole of this entry, the only extract from the Diary that has previously been made.

There is then a long interval, and the next dinner to be described is January 18, 1860, when the news is brought that 80,000 of the first number of "Cornhill" under Thackeray's editorship have been sold.

On February 1, 1860, Leech tells of treating his little girl to a shillingsworth of Punch and Judy. "Doorsteps and pavement instantly crammed. Where *do* the children come from?" Considering how Leech suffered from street organs, this encouragement of the itinerant entertainers was very brave and good of him. He goes on to tell of the time when he was in a debtor's prison. He once saw "a few boys having a holiday—being taken to see a gentleman arrested." Percival Leigh sold lithographed caricatures for him. "Leech used to kiss female prisoners through the bars."

On February 8, 1860, we have the début of Charles Keene at the Table. Keene was then thirty-six, and had drawn for "Punch" since 1851; he was destined to be a pillar of the paper for thirty-one years. Sir Joseph Paxton was present, and Mark Lemon, when he asked him to champagne, was accused of "fawning on the aristocracy."

On February 15 Thackeray appears again, and the guest of the evening is the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, afterwards Dean Hole, and a famous rose-grower. Thackeray had received £50 for a lecture at Liverpool, and put it into ten dozen of port. "Laid in 200 dozen of claret last year at £5." After dinner he goes first to the Geographical Society's, and then to Lord Cockburn's, the Chief Justice.

On March 14 there is talk of Samuel Rogers. Leech calls him roundly a humbug, but Tom Taylor denies this. He tells of dining with Rogers and old Maltby: "*petit dîner et pas d'erreur*—3 smelts for fish, and all on that scale;" and goes on to imitate Rogers's toothless tones saying, "I'm an old man and have a small voice; and if I don't say ill-natured things sometimes I shouldn't be listened to." Also says that when Rogers told Maltby that somebody actually asked if his name was Rogers, Maltby inquired, "Well, and wasn't it?" obliviously repeating the offense. This, by the way, was William Maltby (1763-1854), the librarian of the London Institution for many years, and the lifelong friend of the banker-poet.

On April 11, 1860, Thackeray, having got rid of No. 5 of the "Cornhill," is thinking of running over to Paris for a day or so. "He gives *kudos* to 'Gryll Grange,' by Peacock. Written by a gentleman, he says. Adds later that he would like to have four sheets a year to write, and no more." Then, "he would write *such* letters to ladies." Thack-

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eray pens a poetical inscription in "The Virginians" to Peter Rackham (a financial friend of Bradbury & Evans who was present at the dinners now and then); but Silver gives only this:

> ". . . different opinions
> . . . about 'The Virginians.'
> Accept the book, dear friend, and
> if you find it
> Pleasant to read . . . I hope
> you'll bind it."

On October 16 Thackeray was not present, but there was talk of him. Taylor thought him the most miserable of men, mentally as well as from almost constant pain. Thackeray, I might say, was subject for years to internal spasms which caused him both agony and anxiety. Leigh likens him to Swift—"despises Vanity Fair [the place, not the book], and despises himself for taking pleasure in it." Lemon tells of Thackeray at a dinner given to Dickens, when John Forster, with whom Thackeray was on very bad terms, said, "Here are our two greatest writers. One extracts good from evil, and the other finds evil in everything that's good."

A LECTURE BY THACKERAY IN 1857
Pencil sketch by John Leech

On October 30 the staff discuss school-boy ethics. Tom Taylor holds that every one has stolen when a boy. He himself stole his schoolmaster's apples. Leech is indignant, and says, "God forbid my boy should steal." Taylor tells of Sala leaving lodgings at Erith suddenly, after ordering a beefsteak pudding for dinner, and returning six months later with the remark, "Is that pudding boiled yet?"

On November 6 Thackeray is present again and quotes these lines as a sample of rhythmical ingenuity:

> "Let some intelligent officer be sent to the
> front.
> Hardman, step forward, said Sir Hussey
> Vivien, K. C. B., and bear the battle's
> brunt."

In a conversation on which great man of the past one would soonest meet, Brooks, Leigh, and Silver say Dr. Johnson, and Thackeray chooses Scott—"that dear old Sir Walter." He adds that Byron was a "raffish snob."

On November 20 Thackeray is troubled by a little coolness shown him by one of Dickens's children. "Let fathers hate each other like hell, but why need their children quarrel?" he says. He denies that it is natural for rival writers to be enemies. He calls Tennyson "the greatest man of the age: has thrown the quoit furthest." Brooks thereupon remarks that "Vanity Fair" ranks higher than anything of Tennyson's, and asks, "Would you change your reputation for his?" "Yes," says Thackeray; but is not believed. Scott as a poet then crops up and is praised for stirring the blood. "But," says Thackeray, "I don't want to have my blood stirred;" and afterwards, "Thank God that the world is wide and tastes are various, and whatever mental food be offered, there are sure to be customers."

On December 4 Thackeray tells of his mother-in-law giving him claret *à six sous*, and now drinking wine of his at seven shillings a bottle. His daughters, too, are "terribly matured in their taste."

On December 11 he remarks to Leech, "How happy we were this day forty years ago, breaking up at Charterhouse!" Remembers Leech at six and a half in his form: Master Bush just like him. Leech tells how he has

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been " coaling the waits " from his bedroom window, and says he would like £1,000 and a country life. " Couldn't do it," says Thackeray. Dickens, some one says, made £10,000 by his readings alone in 1860. Thackeray says that he himself made only half that altogether, and it is suggested that Leech should read publicly the lines under his drawings.

The following week—December 18, 1861—the prevailing topic is the death of Prince Albert. Some one says that Sala has received £100 from Smith & Elder for a trip to Genoa to make a " Cornhill " article, and Thackeray adds that it is for the " Genoa-wary number," which is a fair sample of many outrageous puns that I have omitted.

On January 8, 1862, Shirley Brooks tells how he once danced with Grisi: " like waltzing with a whirlwind." Thackeray and Leech recall old Charterhouse songs.

On January 15 Leech describes Manning's execution, which he saw, and tells of Calcraft, the hangman, saying of a hanging, " No, sir, I wasn't altogether pleased with it."

On January 29 Brooks tells of Rossini's being sent for to Louis Napoleon's box and apologizing for his frock coat. " No need of etiquette between sovereigns," was the reply.

On February 5 Silver is asked by Thackeray if he recognizes his daughter in the person of a pineapple from Pernambuco—" *Pinus silvæ filia nobilis.*"

On February 19 there is talk of Bill Jerrold. " He writes well and looks well," says Thackeray. " But his plays have all been damned," says some one. " Yes, he's a damned clever fellow," says Thackeray; " now I could never get a play damned."

On February 26, 1862, Mark Lemon tells that he once dreamed a play, sprang up and sketched it, and got £100 and a violent cold. Keene says that he often dreams usable " Punch " jokes. " Thackeray tells of how he went to Bristol as a boy, with his father, the General, and his mother with her diamonds, and they went gorgeously to the play. And next time he went he was an actor himself, lecturing on the Georges." " Leech piteous in his complaints of the organ men. ' Got up twice the other night to send them away. They're killing me! The only way to get sleep is to get into a train and give the guard half a crown to keep the door locked. Silver laughs and Tenniel laughs, but it's no joke indeed.' "

On March 5 Leech says something lenient about Mormonism. " Aha," Thackeray replies, " I dine with you sometimes, and can tell [your wife] your horrid thought. I'll be your haunting demon." Later, Shirley quotes from " The Shabby Genteel Story " the saying that somebody spoke so satirically that nobody could understand him. " Bless you, Brooks !" says Thackeray.

The next week, March 12, Thackeray brings news. He has left the " Cornhill." Smith, " a noble, generous fellow," says he, but wished to have a co-editor and not a sub. " Fact is, Thackeray doesn't do editor's work, which is to read and judge, not to write. . . . Thackeray has built his house, costing £5,000, out of his two years' savings, nearly. Leigh tries to make him hark back—only a slight difference and might be adjusted. Thackeray says Lucas [editor of " Once a Week "] pitched into him for trying to get ' Once a Week ' artists to work for ' Cornhill.' Keene refused. Thackeray thinks Free Trade is the right policy in literature and art. Man takes his work where he's best paid for it. Thackeray likes his ' Lovel the Widower,' and Smith doesn't. Acted it at Kensington the other night—his daughter Minnie good and Morgan John O'C. as footman." Mark Lemon then discourses of editorship, and says that Thackeray's name made " Cornhill," but Thackeray says it was " Framley Parsonage."

Later Thackeray says that John Forster cuts him, but " he can't be savage because it was Forster who brought Dr. Eliotson to him and saved his life." Envying Brooks his ready pen, Thackeray says it takes him " two days to think of a ' Roundabout,' and one day to write it. Writes best out of his house: anywhere except at home." Elsewhere Silver says that Thackeray writes *currente calamo*, and hardly makes a correction. Dickens, on the contrary, almost rewrites, with interlineations.

On July 9 Thackeray has the staff to dine with him in his new house at Palace Green, Lucas, of " Once a Week," and a nameless young man, a friend of the family, being also present. Thackeray's spoons are much admired, especially a Dutch one, with a chain on a leg, which he bought for £4 at The Hague, and saw one like it in the Strand marked £12. " Gilt foliated mirror frame, £30, very handsome," Silver records. " Queer old pictures—Dutch fighting piece—portraits, etc." Thackeray says they were

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all "made out of his inkstand;" and adds that, when he married, he and his wife looked at a house in Brunswick Square and found it too dear at £80.

On July 16 Lemon tells of a French duelist shooting a young Englishman after 1814. An Englishman in the green-room, hearing the story, goes out and returns in three days, saying, "I've shot that Frenchman." Thackeray says he met the Englishman in Paris. (Silver queries if it were Captain Gronow.)

On September 18 Thackeray is "brimming with bad jokes," but none are quoted. On September 24 Mark Lemon "talks of pawnbrokers dining together and pledging one another." The "Telegraph" has announced in its fashion columns that "Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Leech and the remainder of the Rothschild family" are at Folkestone, and this leads to much chaff.

On October 8 Thackeray says Mrs. Yates (*née* Elizabeth Brunton, the actress, and his enemy's mother) was his "boyish love." Talks of old farces, etc. Mark Lemon says that "Punch" was never so prosperous as now, in spite of the plagiary of "Funch," as Thackeray calls "Fun." Keene thinks that "Punch" some day will be drawn with a nimbus—St. Punch.

On October 29 there is a discussion on life and its pleasures. Mark says that duties are worth living for. There is more happiness in helping others than in living for one's self. Brooks denies this. Thackeray says "that when he was on his deathbed (as he thought) he was perfectly content and happy. He is not deterred from wrong-doing by fear of a future state, but by feelings of present disgrace and dishonor." Later Thackeray "tells how Forster was annoyed by his hit at him in 'Esmond' as 'Mr. Addison's man,' Dickens being Mr. Addison."

On November 26 Thackeray says "he feels a sort of στοργή [natural affection] when he reads his daughter [now Lady Ritchie]'s 'Story of Elizabeth.' She has all my better parts and none of my worse." Brooks admires her pure English and likens her to Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Thackeray says his feeling is shared by his mother, who says she can't read his books—"as many others do," he adds. Leech sleeps at his new house at Kensington for the first time to-night. (6, The Terrace, Kensington, which Silver afterwards took. It is now shops.) After Leech has gone Thackeray "writes the Lord's Prayer in the size of a threepenny bit, drawing the crown and 3 in center, and gives it to Mark Lemon with lines around it—

> "'Dear friend, I've writ this little page
> When one and fifty is my age,
> etc.'

In walking away, I talk of reading John Wilson's 'Life' (Christopher North), and admire his manliness in turning to work when he lost all his fortune; also his thrashing the tinker, etc. Thackeray dissents. Says John Wilson did nothing worth record, and the effect of the Life on him [Thackeray] was to make him tell his daughters, 'Mind, no biography'—of himself."

On April 1, 1863, Thackeray says he writes when he sits down to write; as soon as he gets his nose to the desk his ideas come. Later he defends Colenso and denies the creation in six days. But on this point, as we shall see, he changed his views. "Jonah and sun standing still he views as fables."

On April 15 Leech tells of his rushing out of bed to silence what he thought were Volunteers, who were playing in a public-house near by. "We're Foresters, sir," said one. "Then why the devil don't you go and play in a forest?" Leech asked.

On May 27, 1863, Thackeray says that he once told his daughters that he wished they'd take the Bear, at Esher, for a home. Breakfasting at Gladstone's a few days before, he met an American lawyer and thanked him for a press which had warned him to change his investments.

It was on June 17, 1863, that Sir Francis Burnand ate his first dinner as a member of the "Punch" staff, on which he was to remain so long, succeeding Tom Taylor as editor in 1880. Thackeray was not present; but on June 24 he was, and very full of suggestions for a cartoon about sweating in dressmakers' shops. Said that, to avoid any such result, his daughters always ordered their dresses a month in advance.

On July 8 Leech tells how he has had to buy a wheelwright out of his shop at the back of his house, owing to the noise.

On July 22, 1863, the staff are again Thackeray's guests at Palace Green. In addition to Thackeray there is a barrister cousin from Canada named Beacher, and a Southern American named De Leon who had described blockade-running in "Cornhill;" but nothing much is recorded of the evening, except that there were turtle soup, turbot, curried lobster, venison pie, cold beef, jelly bloat-

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ers, and ice-cream after cheese. Thackeray confessed to a fear of burglary and American Share confiscations, and was insisting on £100 for each "Roundabout" in consequence.

On August 12 "the old Yates row crops up and Thackeray fires at Horace Mayhew and says, 'Damn it, you fellows still seem to think it was because of his attack on my nose that I fell foul of him. I don't care a damn for my nose. He imputed dishonorable conduct to me, and for *that* I got him kicked out of the Garrick.' 'With your strength you might have been more generous,' says Horace, and Thackeray blazes up and finally bol[illegible]."

On Decem[illegible]er 2 Thackeray chaffs Mark Lemon about a mistake in his novel "Wait for the End," when he make[illegible]rm time at Cambridge in S[illegible]ptember. L[illegible]non tells them that Weaver [illegible]n the novel is Webster, the actor, and Stella is Mrs. Mellon. Says Mrs. Mellon often used to come to him and say, "I think So-and-So should have those lines to say; they'll be more effective so than if I say them." Never knew any other actor to do this. Rupert Melville he meant for Edmun[illegible] Kean, who used to attend The Harp by Drury Lane and stand twenty glasses of grog to poorer actors, many of whom drank themselves to death. Later the Table falls again upon a Colenso discussion, Thackeray contending [illegible]r the six days as stated by the actual W[illegible]d of God.

On December 9 Thackeray is late, as he "could not resist the tripe at the Reform Club." A week later he is present again, but for the last time, and "pitches into Mayhew because his [Thackeray's] two guineas to the Julian Patch subscription is entered as coming from Arthur Pendennis. Says he particularly begged that his name might not appear: 'They'll be at me again, those damned penny-a-liners.' Horace explains, and says the case is really a deserving one. 'Very well, then, I'll give you a fiver besides, in my own name,' says Thackeray. Tells also of one or two fellows who have extracted fivers and tenners from him at his house, and at his Clubs, and in the streets, and in the Parks. In fact, his purse is never safe." Again Colenso breaks in. Thackeray says: "We have God's own word (in his commandments) that he made the world in six days, and yet geologists tell us it took millions of years to make. *Quien sabe?*" And these are his last recorded words at the Punch-Table.

Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863, and Mayhew brought the news to the "Punch" dinner towards the end of the evening, and, according to the late Frederick Greenwood, they all joined in singing "The Mahogany Tree." The effect must have been overwhelming:

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree."

Mayhew led the song. I cannot conceive how he ever got through.

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

The week following, the day of the funeral, there was no dinner. Silver says: "I never felt a loss so much, except of course those of my relations. And yet I was not privileged to rank myself as more than a casual acquaintance. But his kindliness extended to the smallest of his visitors, and he never snubbed one or ignored their presence. What the loss must be to his old chum and schoolfellow Leech, who can pretend to estimate? . . . The loss is a national one, but the nation cannot judge how his family and his friends feel it."

On January 12, 1864, "Leech says, 'Thank God, we sha'n't have to go round with the hat; his daughters will have £1,000 a year between them.' Says he can't sleep without dreaming of poor Thackeray—been sleeping alone, so disturbed is he." Leech survived his friend only a few months, dying on October 29, 1864, aged forty-six. Both lie at Kensal Green, and Shirley Brooks was buried near them.

On November 7 Leech's successor, George Du Maurier, took his seat at the Table. And so the world goes on.

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THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

BY LOUISE BOYNTON AND GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

AT the Housekeeping Experiment Station we are not concerned, except indirectly, with the theory of the housekeeper's problem. Our care is the concrete man or woman whom changing economic conditions have pushed to the wall. Now, to-day, harassed heads of families are forced to ask themselves the pressing question, "What are you going to do about it?" On the spirit in which this question is answered depends the future of these families, of their children—I might almost say the future of America, since the class that is being pushed to the wall is, of all classes, the most numerous and the most characteristically American.

The work of the Station is best described by giving the experience of certain families whom we have been able to aid in working out their housekeeping problems. In all cases the remedy is the same in principle. It involves *mastery* of impossible conditions. The servant problem, the faulty construction of houses, the inadequacy of utensils, are chosen as points of attack merely because, under present economic conditions, it is in this department of life that certainty can be substituted for uncertainty, a sure control for accident.

A physician and his wife were among the first to come to the Experiment Station to inquire into the secrets of housekeeping efficiency. They had ample means for the little family of three, consisting of father, mother, and one child. Yet the wife's strength and the husband's income had been strained to the breaking point by the increasing difficulties of housekeeping.

They lived in a New England mill town, in a rambling, badly planned house, which they had been obliged to rent because it was the only one in the neighborhood suited to a physician's needs. It was very expensive to keep up, both from the point of view of repairs, heat, light, and coal, and because of the number of servants required. The doctor's family, living very simply, had kept three—a hired man, a cook, and a second girl. This meant a cost of nearly $2,000 a year in servants' wages and board. To secure good servants and to maintain a spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness among the three had always been difficult, but for the past year it had been impossible. Seven cooks had come and gone during the winter. There had been three new housemaids. Finally the man was dismissed and a married man engaged who lived in his own home. This simplified somewhat the daily problem of his board and washing. On the other hand, a certain amount of lifting, fetching, and carrying which the resident hired man had done now fell upon the cook. Whether for this or for some other reason, the difficulties of the cook proposition increased. The most serious feature of the situation was the incompetent and constantly shifting cook.

The accompanying ground plan shows some of the more obvious defects of the doctor's house from the point of view of housekeeping efficiency. The kitchen was separated from the dining-room by a butler's pantry and hall at the west end. Opposite these, at the east end, were three other large pantries, which all had to have a weekly cleaning and daily care. Each of these pantries was in use, with no thought whatever of economizing steps. Flour and meal were kept in one place, utensils in another, the kitchen sink and certain of the cooking dishes in still another, preserves down cellar. The ice-box was in the outer pantry, thirty feet or so from the kitchen table and double that distance from the dining-room.

In addition to a gas range in the kitchen there was an old-fashioned coal range, requiring six hods of coal a day. This was felt to be necessary because the hot water for the house depended on it. There was a second coal stove down cellar in the laundry. All the china was kept in the butler's pantry and had to be carried to the dining-room every time a meal was served.

Owing to the exigencies of the servant problem Mrs. H—— spent the greater part of her life in the kitchen. She was continually obliged to supplement the efforts of an incompetent cook, to break in a new one, or—with such help in saving steps as she could get from the second girl or man—to tide over an interregnum.

"I would often be so tired at night that I could not sleep for hours," she said. "In addition to everything else, the telephone,

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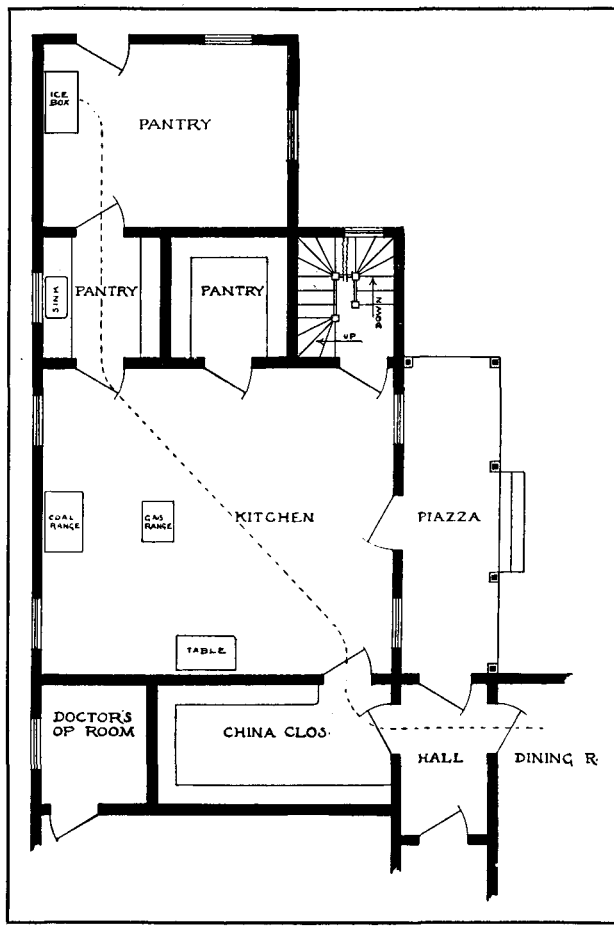

OLD ARRANGEMENT

Note the long walk between the ice-box and dining-room, and how many steps that involves six months of the year. The kitchen sink is also very far from the work-table and fifteen feet from the stove. Also the enormous waste space occupied by pantries

which was in the front part of the house, rang four or five times an hour throughout the day. It seemed to me I was always flying from some pie-baking crisis in the kitchen to the telephone, or rushing from the telephone back to the kitchen and my burning pies. And the kitchen was a horror with its bare floors and dilapidated walls. No amount of scrubbing or cleaning ever made the place attractive."

It was evident that most of the trouble of this family resulted from the inconvenient arrangement of the kitchen and pantries. After the doctor and his wife visited the Housekeeping Experiment Station they were able to work out a plan which obviated these serious drawbacks. The butler's pantry, on the west side of the kitchen, was discontinued as a pantry and the larger part of it made into an operating-room for the doctor. The china, which had formerly been kept there, was divided. Platters, pitchers, and serving dishes were moved to the kitchen. A new china closet was bought for the dining-room in which to keep all dishes that did not need to be warmed. The ice-box and kitchen sink were brought in from the outer pantries and placed against the west wall of the kitchen near the dining-room door. A wide drain-board was put on either side of the sink. Above the sink were shelves for the serving dishes and for all kitchen supplies in daily use.

Instead of depending, as before, on both a coal and a gas range for cooking, the coal range was bricked up and discontinued. The hot-water boiler was connected with the laundry stove in the basement, and a radiator was placed in the kitchen to furnish heat in winter. The pastry table and drain-boards were covered with zinc. A clean-looking light-gray linoleum was laid on the kitchen floor. The walls were painted light gray, with a darker gray for trim. The big outer pantry was abandoned and closed up. The two remaining pantries, freshly painted like the kitchen and covered with linoleum, provided ample storage space for all reserve supplies and provisions, including preserves, which were brought up from the cellar. The telephone was placed in the passageway between the dining-room and kitchen, and was made into a desk telephone. Finally, the most essential of the labor-saving devices were bought: a vacuum cleaner, a fireless cooker, an egg-poacher, steamers and casseroles, the new type of handle mops, and a white-enameled hospital wheeled car.

These improvements cost $300. As a result, the family gets on very comfortably with one girl and a laundress hired in by the day. Even without a girl the mother can avoid getting overtired. As the saving amounts to sixty dollars a month, besides an annual saving of sixty dollars a year in coal, she has an ample margin for housekeeping expenses and can make things easier for herself in many ways hitherto undreamed of.

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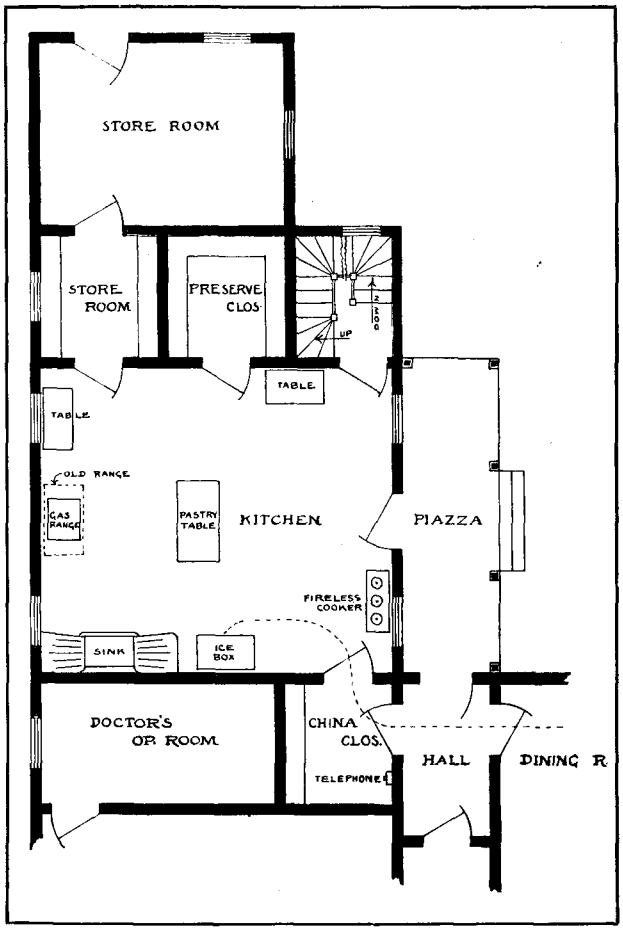
In a word, Mrs. H. no longer lies supine while the Juggernaut rolls over her. She is riding in the car with her hand on the steering-wheel.

Family number two lived in a suburban village an hour's journey from New York. There were two little children, three and five years old. The parents were enthusiastic young people, both college graduates, willing and able to work as well as to think and plan. On the husband's salary of $2,000 a year they were able, with great care, to live in a good village neighborhood, to maintain its standards, and to be well dressed. But they could not save a cent or take any helpful vacation trips. The outlook for the future frightened and discouraged them.

They were advised not to make any change in their standard of living, but to study the expense account. This soon showed a disproportionate outlay for kitchen coal and servant's board and wages—an outlay resulting in no comfort. The girl at $16 a month was not competent enough to perform unaided a single household duty. Yet, as they were living, a maid of some sort was necessary in order to economize the housekeeper's time and strength.



IMPROVED ARRANGEMENT

This plan shows the "business end" of the doctor's house. The ice-box is now near the door leading to the dining-room. It is within easy reach of the pastry table. The sink is within three feet of the range and five feet of the pastry table—an ideal arrangement

A still more important consideration was that these items were beyond the housekeeper's control. In other ways she could be a little lavish or cut down expenses with a corresponding result to the family in comfort or economy. The kitchen expenses varied with the wind, which in different quarters drew more or less heat "up chimney," or with the disposition of the maid, who was more or less destructive and wasteful.

For an initial outlay well within two hundred dollars this family was enabled to dispense with the coal range and the incompetent maid, and thus to put the kitchen on a par with the other departments of household expenditure which are subject to regulation and control.

Changes were made in the arrangement of the kitchen and dining-room in order to concentrate the work and save steps. As there was no gas in the house, an oil stove was substituted for the coal range and a water heater attached in the laundry. Labor-saving devices were bought, also a good outfit of heating utensils for use on the dining-room table.

An itemized list of the cost of improvements and utensils is given on page 201.

These improvements so greatly lightened and facilitated the housekeeping that the young wife can now more easily accomplish single-handed her cooking and the daily care of her home than she could previously do with the help of a girl. She gets her regular work done by noon each day. This includes making a dessert and preparing the vegetables for the night dinner. The husband lunches in town, so she and the children have a light luncheon and rest from one to two. By three o'clock they are all dressed

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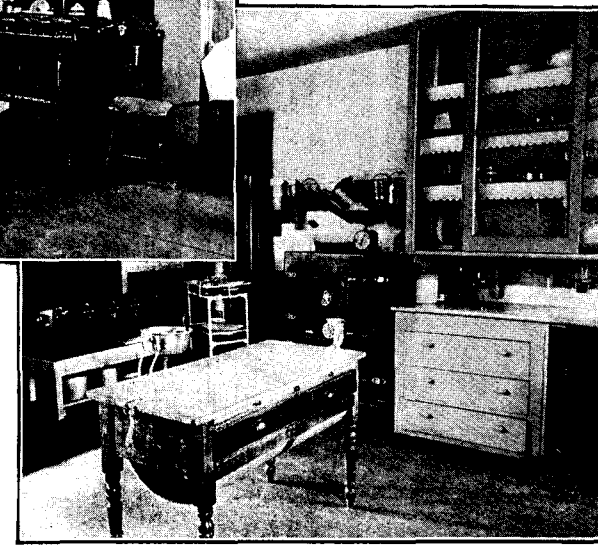
and ready for a walk. They stay out an hour. The hour from four to five is devoted to sewing or emergency work. At five the children are given their supper and put to bed. By six the mother is ready to prepare dinner, which, with the help of the fireless cooker and steamer, can easily be ready in half an hour. The table is set with doilies, which are attractive, and also save the care of table linen. These as well as the china can be of the finest, since there is now no fear of the heavy-handed maid.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF OUR REMODELED KITCHEN

Note how conveniently arranged this cooking corner is. The sink is only a few steps from the stove and pastry table. The cabinets for the kitchenware are within easy reach. Just beyond this is the refrigerator; above the refrigerator are all the utensils and materials for bread-making. The wheel car stands near the sink waiting for its load of dishes for the dining-room



ANOTHER CORNER OF THE KITCHEN

The wheel car is shown on its way to the dining-room. The three-hole fireless cooker has proved one of the most satisfactory aids to the new housekeeping

Even more impressive are the results obtained by labor-saving equipment in the department of so-called heavy work. A woman is hired two days a week to do the laundry work and cleaning. All these tasks are accomplished by noon of the second day. In the afternoon the woman takes care of the children while the mother goes out calling or into the city for a matinée. Often her husband can join her, for it is always arranged that this respite shall fall on Saturday. These weekly recreations are an important element in the success of the new system.

The financial advantages of the changed plan of living are not imposing, but are sure and satisfactory. The first year our young couple paid for their new equipment, enjoyed their weekly outings, and saved $100 in cash. The saving now amounts to about $300 a year, outside of the modest annual allowance for rec eation. The greatest advantage by far is the greater independence and dignity they now enjoy and an increased sense of the value of their family life.

A third case that came to our notice illustrates the advantage there may be in a complete change of base. Two artists, husband and wife, were struggling ineffectually to live in New York on a joint income of $1,200 a year. They were neither young nor old. They had not "arrived" professionally, but neither had they given up hope of success. Their whole aim was to secure living conditions suitable for work and growth; but in New York they were never able to get any one thing they needed except at the expense of something else equally important. The result was intolerable crowding—crowding in material ways, crowding of the mind and spirit. They were more and more conscious of acting in obedience to some outward pressure rather than to the subjective prompting of will and ambition. This, they fully realized, was the beginning of the end unless they could secure better conditions, could obtain a fresh outlook.

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Their chief necessities were light and air, suitable workrooms, and a quiet neighborhood. They did not need to live in the city, but simply to be within reach of its stimulus and opportunity.

For $25 a month, the price they had paid in New York for one room, they found a small but attractive country house with ample space about it and decided possibilities. The only problem was to make it efficient for purposes of practical living. They were well accustomed to chafing-dish cookery and all the various short cuts of a cramped existence in town. They had excellent taste, and both were uncommonly ingenious and skillful at doing things with their hands.

Fee for altering kitchen	$10.00
Advice in working out problem	10.00
Linoleum, best grade, for kitchen	16.00
Two coats shellac	2.00
Laundry heater and jacket	15.00
Plumbing changes	3.50
Blue flame oil stove to replace range	12.00
Fireless cooker	12.50
Washing machine and wringer	12.00
Vacuum cleaner system run by water power	67.50
Pastry table and shelves	8.00
Electric iron	4.50
One-burner alcohol stove for table use	2.50
Coffee percolator	4.50
Electric heater to heat water on table	3.00
Wheel car	5.50
Dish-dryer	1.50
Good floor mop	1.00
Total	$191.00

WHAT ONE FAMILY SPENT TO SECURE COMFORT

Under these circumstances, after carefully examining the plans of the house, we suggested an outlay of about $400, to be spent as follows: $150 for a simple but satisfactory hot-water heating system, which the husband installed himself; $11 for an alcohol stove and oven for cooking; $14 for alcohol lamps; and $53 for jacketing the laundry stove to connect with a hot-water boiler. The balance of the $400, approximately $150, was spent for necessary furniture and mattings, paint, putty, and stain. By staining their furniture and decorating their walls themselves they got admirable results even with this very small outlay.

They liked their house, and, learning it was for sale at $3,500, arranged to buy it on a building loan basis, the $25 a month to apply on the purchase price. As this involved certain overhead charges not contemplated, and as their budget must include frequent trips to town, their margin was small. It would be truer to say that they had no margin at all at first. And much of their work would have seemed to most of us impossibly laborious. They managed their laundry work, except collars, without outside help, made their garden and cared for the yard, mended and painted the fence, and eventually painted the house itself. These tasks, performed in peace and freedom and the open air, were looked upon as a healthful recreation.

At the end of the third year they were well and happy, had paid for their equipment and furniture, and had an equity of $600 in their house. Best of all, they had regained the feeling of growth and development within themselves. They had substituted for the old bondage a stimulating sense of self-direction.

I offer no apology for these plain and homely details. Common life is apt to be plain and homely. We are all vitally concerned every day of our lives with a thousand petty affairs which do not matter, except that they are ours and we must attend to them. That which greatly matters is the aim, the attitude of mind—whether we live our days in a spirit of bondage or whether we rule our conditions.

Two ships are rocking on the tide. Neither for the moment is getting anywhere. But one is adrift, rudderless. The other is in charge of a captain whose hand is on the helm, who knows why he is there and where he is going. The point I wish to make is this: In times of stress or transition one ship is very like another as far as appearances go. They look alike and behave alike. Much that happens to one will happen equally to the other. The difference between the two—a difference past all calculation—is in their ultimate fate.

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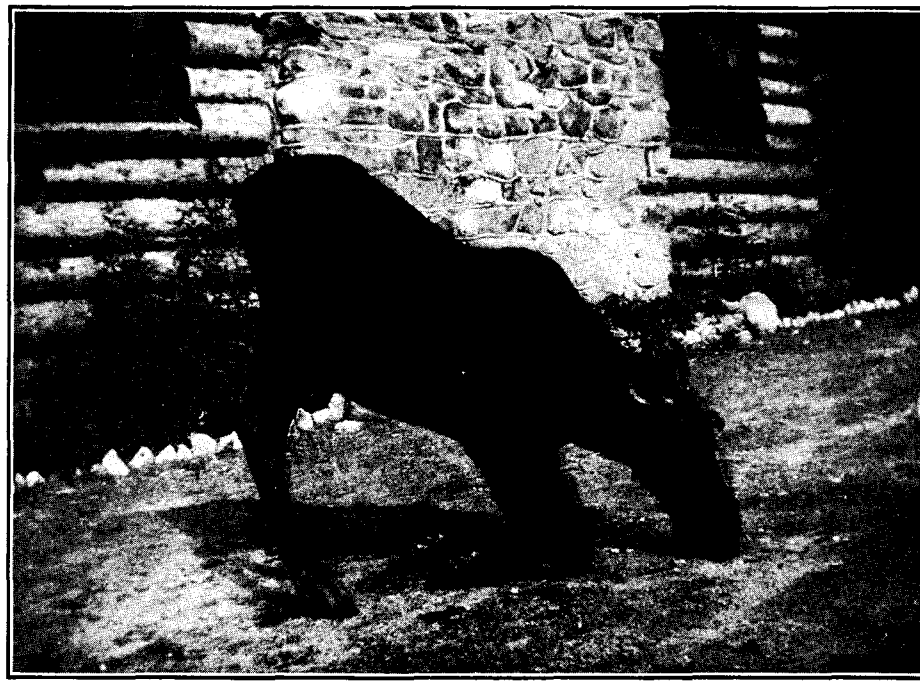

HOW HARRY EATS

THE BULL MOOSE

SOME OF HIS AMIABLE QUALITIES

In a recent issue of the New York "Independent" the Rev. W. J. Long published an article on the Bull Moose in which he discusses with somewhat labored sarcasm the adoption of a figure of the bull moose as the emblem of the Progressive party, and incidentally contradicts some alleged misstatements made by Mr. Roosevelt regarding the habits of the bull moose in his forest haunts on this continent.

A correspondent of The Outlook, writing from her camp in the Canadian woods, sends us an interesting account of some of her experiences with bull moose, illustrated by photographs, which we reproduce not only because of their special value to readers interested in natural history, but because they correct some of Mr. Long's misinformation. As a sincere student of natural history we think he ought to be among the first to welcome this correction. Our correspondent writes from New Brunswick, Canada, under the date of August 15. —THE EDITORS.

WE see many moose in these forests sixty miles from the nearest town, and our cameras have made a great many records of them.

Mr. Long's article, you may remember, consists largely of contradiction of Mr. Roosevelt's statements in his volume "The Wilderness Hunter" concerning moose. I quote from Mr. Long's article one such charge of inaccuracy:

> Our authority [Mr. Roosevelt] declares that the legs of a bull moose are so long and his neck so short that he must go "down on his knees" to crop the tender grass or to get a mouthful of snow to quench his thirst. This delusion was already hoary when I first found it in the geography. The bull moose does nothing of the kind. If he wants to crop or drink, he simply spreads his fore feet and bends his head, as any one may see who will follow a moose for an hour without trying to kill him.

We, too, have seen bull moose spreading their feet and cropping rather short growths; but we have also seen them *on their knees* very frequently, that they may eat

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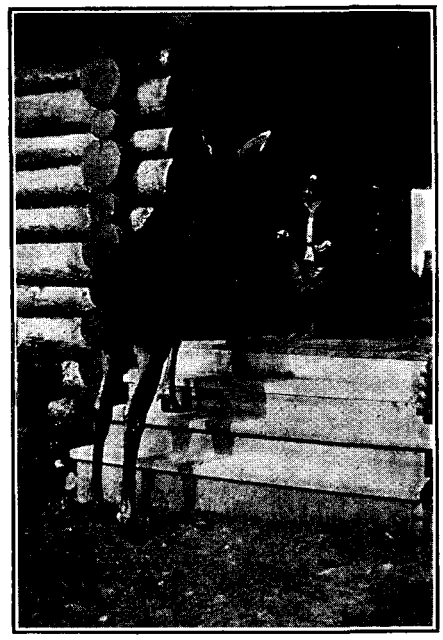
morsels close to the ground. And they not only kneel, but they walk along on their knees from one bit of food to another, retaining that position quite a long time.

Perhaps we feel especially familiar with the table manners of moose because of one incorrigibly tame specimen which haunts the camp. He is a young bull about as large as a good-sized horse. He has been named Harry. His first appearance at camp occurred last year, during the severe blizzard, when he took shelter upon the porch of the cabin where the guard and his wife slept. He had to be chased away from the door daily, as he prevented exit from the cabin; yet still he lingered near. His curiosity about everything at the camp was quite mule-like, and he has a scar on his nose now from suddenly sniffing at a saw while it was in use. Harry upset many of our moose theories. Mr. Long says: "Perhaps the most noticeable quality of the bull moose is his shyness. He avoids the crowd and eschews excitement of every kind. When you find him, you must be very still, else will his native modesty take him away out of your sight." Surely Harry's characteristic was not "shyness," nor did he "avoid a crowd and eschew excitement." A dog chased him away and he kept to the woods thereafter until summer, when this camp opened to its fullest activity, and Harry then came around again, acting as if he wanted to miss nothing. The sawmill noise attracted him; so did gasoline engines; and he has even looked in at the main camp window to lend an ear to the phonograph.



HARRY MAKES US A VISIT

Another peculiarity of the beast is his unselfishness; for, having discovered this camp and the only other within miles, and having enjoyed the atmosphere of both, he has brought in another bull moose—slightly his senior—and has shown him the sights. This friend we have named Larry; and he visits us occasionally, but he is not nearly as tame as Harry. The latter will eat from one's hand, and grunts with satisfaction if he is patted. There are about twenty people at this camp and the same number at the one near by, so that forty people have had this moose experience and are in possession of photographs illustrating it. I inclose several, thinking possibly that you might like to publish them and thereby confirm Mr. Roosevelt's statement of the kneeling method of eating as well as of the tameness of certain specimens of young moose.

HARRY WAS VERY MUCH PHOTOGRAPHED

Next year this camp may have to be fenced off from the mainland, so that Harry and his friends may not get in, for all realize the cruelty of allowing him to become too tame.

G. S. T.

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THE NEW LITERATURE

A MONTHLY REVIEW BY

HAMILTON W. MABIE

"Who reads Byron any more?"—
Shut the door,
Momus, for I feel a draught;
Shut it quick, for some one laughed.—
"What's become of
Browning? Some of
Wordsworth lumbers like a raft."

"What are poets to find here?"
Have no fear:
When the stars are shining blue
There will yet be left a few
Themes availing—
And these failing,
Momus, there'll be you.

SO writes Mr. Robinson, a man of New England birth and Harvard education, and sings in his own key and after his own manner with the quiet assurance of one who knows that, although everything has been said, everything still remains to be said.

There is nothing new under the sun, declares the man of the world who sees everything and understands nothing—"the cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing"—and the poet, the man for whom the world is part of the universe, calmly goes down the road threading his way through the crowd singing about things that were old ten thousand years ago, and are so new this morning that the poet finds it difficult to keep his feet on the ground. If one were searching for a real synonym for the fresh rush of life in the world, he would find Shakespeare; if he were looking for an example of old, stale, and unprofitable things, he would find it in some morning newspaper.

There is always a new poetry except in those brief periods when society tries to fool itself with things and put ideas under lock and key. Byron's verse was new, and so was the verse of Shelley; and Keats, whose brain hummed with the tunes that made the morning of time beautiful, was as new as Shelley, who stood on old things only long enough to spread his wings for daring flights into the future. It was a very new kind of poetry which found its way to a few readers and later to the heart of the world in the little book, so highly prized by collectors, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786; but it was not newer than the slender book of "Lyrical Ballads" which announced the rebirth of poetry in England.

When "Thanatopsis" appeared in the "North American Review" in 1817, it was so novel in its quality that it marked the beginning of American poetry; and "Israfel" was of a beauty so fresh that it was startling. "The Mystic Trumpeter" and the "Hymns of the Marshes," to say nothing of many later songs, gave the familiar old world a morning air. There is nothing new under the sun until the man of imagination arrives, and then everything has the morning air on it. Sometimes the form is new, but it is not the novel form that makes new poetry. Whitman set great store by his rejection of what he regarded as the conventionalities of verse-making, but whenever the groundswell of the passion of the comradeship of democracy or the surge of the elemental movement of things lifted his long, unrhymed lines to the level of great poetry, he evoked the splendid effects of the oldest rhapsodists in their inspired moments. His professionally new poetry is often a dreary procession of unrelated objects.

Nor does novelty of theme make poetry new; one may write about the telephone, wireless telegraphy, and the aeroplane with realistic accuracy, and be as stale and unprofitable as the latest celebrant at the classic altars; while a song about Endymion may stir the pulse like a cry from the future. Poetry is new by virtue neither of its themes nor of its form, but by reason of its freshness of feeling, its energy of imagination, its vitality of phrase. The newness must be in the heart and brain of the poet, not in his tools. As a rule, the poetry that sets out to be new

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is depressing reading, and there is a great deal of it; but the poetry that conveys the surprise of the poet as the new day breaks on his imagination is like a spring in a dry and thirsty land.

It is easy to count fifty poets in the younger group; thirty-seven are represented by selections in the book called "The Younger Choir" (Moods Publishing Company, New York), and several well-known names do not appear; among these are Mr. Percy Mackaye, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Hagedorn, Mr. Neihardt, four of the most promising; and in addition the writers of the poetic drama must be taken into account. If one adds the older poets—Messrs. Woodberry, Van Dyke, Riley, Johnson, Carman, Roberts, Santayana, Miss Thomas, Miss Guiney, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and others—it is evident that Mr. Viereck was well within the truth when he declared that "American poetry needs missionaries in America no less than in Europe," and that there are half a hundred poets in this country who strike their own notes.

For twenty years the country has been too busy to take account of its poetry; but now that it is learning that wealth without poetry is weariness, and that the divorce of the senses from the imagination is a spiritual scandal, and a breeder of material scandals as well, it may turn again to the singers who have neither feared nor flattered it, but have refused to be blinded by its prosperity or confused by its resounding activities. The new poetry is refreshing reading, not because it is great, but because it keeps the old loyalty to the things of the spirit. It has long been the fashion to classify the American with the Phœnician as a born trader and an ingrained materialist. International judgments, as a rule, are worthless for lack of knowledge; but it is surprising that none of the critics of this temper has taken the trouble to read American poetry, which is one long protest against every form of materialism.

And the younger poets are even more outspoken than the older poets. The sense of the inhumanity of some forms of the social order of the time gives their verse the same quality of passion which swept Whittier and Lowell in their time. The pictures of bitter poverty, of crushing toil, of heart-deadening misery, have been drawn with uncompromising realism by Mr. Masefield, the English poet. No one can read his "The Everlasting Mercy" without flinching a little from the hard literalism of the details; poverty is an old theme with the poets, but even Hood's "Song of the Shirt" does not sound the note of hopeless misery as it is sounded in "The Widow in the Bye Street." Another English writer, Mr. W. W. Gibson, gives us short, dramatic pieces in a different key; they are wholly modern in theme, with an almost journalistic nearness to present conditions; their restraint, their appealing simplicity, their trust in the potency of the fact to tell the story, are the virtues of ancient poetry. It is quite probable that these English poets stand too near their themes, and that their work lacks the element of permanence because it lacks perspective. But if it misses fame and gets only reputation, it does not lack the moving appeal of the great cry of human need:

"All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life, and bread of labor,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth and no to-morrow,
Dearth for house-mate, dearth for neighbor.

Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?"

Among the younger American poets Mr. James Oppenheim has listened to this cry with a responsive imagination. His work is very uneven; some of it has the air of straining after newness, and discards the old felicities without putting fresh power in their place. He seems to be saying to himself, as do Mr. Kauffman and Mr. Underwood, "Go to; let us make the new poetry out of hand." This attitude brings strange phrases, halting rhythms, unpoetic words, to their service, but neither the inspiration nor the art without which there is no poetry. But Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. Kauffman have other and happier moods when, forgetting theory and thesis, they write with deep feeling and fresh phrase and produce poetry which is new but not strange; which is vital and convincing, without the self-conscious pose which makes the poet a preacher of doctrines rather than a teacher of truth. In Mr. Kauffman's impressive lines entitled "He Shall Rise" there is unmistakable strength:

"Not risen yet, but soon to rise! The world is
sick with hope deferred,
But down the ladder of the stars there comes
the whisper and the word;
The few are deaf, the many hear and silently
make straight the way,
Who toil through all the dreaming nights and
dream throughout the sodden day.

A score of years or but a year; what matter
to their farther gaze,

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Wherein, as in their Lord's, an age of years is as a week of days?
And when, in an immortal spring, beneath untroubled Easter skies,
Upon a kindlier earth at last—at last To-morrow's Christ shall rise!"

And there is equal strength in Mr. Oppenheim's "Saturday Night:"

"O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way!
To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they play!
Yet . . . God? Does he lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do they feel with a passion that stills,
God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Through one another—through one another—no more the gleam on sea or land,
But so close that we see the Brother—and understand—and understand!
Till, drawn in swift crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the human clod,
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of God."

The feeling and vigor of these lines convey a large meaning; but there is, and there always will be, a poetic and a prose vocabulary, and the zeal of the poet must not consume the singer to such a degree that he loses the sense of selection; nor, it may be added, that he loses that saving grace of common sense which is as necessary to the artist as to the man in the street.

The iconoclasm of Mr. Underwood's "Iron Muse" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) and of "Americans" has a journalistic rather than a militant ring, and is more suggestive of exploitation than of the far-flung line of battle in the eternal struggle for freedom. Not only have the themes a reportorial up-to-dateness, so to speak, but one gets the feeling that the author has sent his Muse out into the streets and tenement-houses as a city editor gives the reporters on the staff special assignments to "write up" a murder, a fire, or a riot, and the Muse goes forth and does the best she can with such subjects as "The Old Grad," "The Strap-Hanger," "The Commuter," "The Photographer," "The Fan," "The Chauffeur," "The Private Secretary," "Central," "The Typewriter." There is poetry in all occupations if one puts imagination into his work, but the method of minute cataloguing is more suggestive of a business directory than of a register of stars; and if the poetry of "mean streets" is to be written, there must be stars overhead. There is, in a word, too much of petty realism about Mr. Underwood's verse; and, it must be added, there is too little of that humor which, in seeking after realism, saves a man from falling upon mere literalism. There is real descriptive power in many of the lines in "The Strap-Hanger," but the opening is discouraging to those who cordially recognize Mr. Underwood's genuinely human impulse.

"It's the greatest hold-up ever"

gives little promise of the gleam of poetry on the closing verse:

"Through the reek and dust are drifting, heaven while we dream.
For the night is slowly lifting. Somewhere shines the gleam.
Still God's multitudes are marching. Somewhere far away,
Past his Subway's gloom o'erarching, dawns for all His day."

Mr. Underwood believes that poetry must be brought closer to modern life, and that nothing human is alien to it; and this is not only fundamentally true, but precisely what poets in every generation have done. But, in rendering its great service to humanity, poetry must not take on the very prose which it is striving to illumine. Mr. Underwood has too much of the poet in him to ignore this elementary truth; and when he has had his fling, so to speak, he will hearten the marching hosts of his time with real music. He has already finely said of poetry:

"It shall stand as the mountains shall stand
Like the visible stairs of the skies;
All the beauty and breadth of the land
They gather and raise as they rise.

And the fire that in millions of hearts flamed hopeless shall triumph in Thee.
And the choir that in silence departs shall aspire to the soul's symphony.
And the wave of all life and its arts shall leap higher toward its heaven to be."

When Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston) appeared, the poem which gave the slender book its title probably made many people aware for the first time of the picturesqueness of the Bohemian, Polish, and Slovak immigrants as they group themselves on the piers of New York, as Mr. Pennell's etchings made many people see for the first time the striking lines of the great modern business buildings. These strangers at the gate were shown in the large fellowship of humanity for which this country stands, and clothed with the dignity of seekers after that better fortune which lies far more in moral and intellectual opportunity

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Photograph by Arnold Genthe

PERCY MACKAYE

HERMANN HAGEDORN

ROBERT H. SCHAUFFLER

JAMES OPPENHEIM

FOUR YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS

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than in the chances of money-making. The passion for humanity is in this fresh, unhackneyed verse, but, although there is some crudity, there is no strain after newness. There is something pleasantly familiar in the work of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hagedorn; but it is the presence of old and lasting elements of human interest, not of old-time ways of speech and points of view. These young poets are both university-bred, and have not discarded the traditions of their art; but they are distinctly of the new age, and life has brought its problems home to their imaginations. They are concerned, however, less with the problems of social condition than with the problems of the soul, and more with individual experience and the ultimate goals than with collective experience and imminent change. Mr. Robinson's "The Town Down the River" is a finely imaginative rendering of an age-old mystery in terms of fresh imagery; and his shorter poems included in the volume having that name, which sometimes give one a faint suggestion of Browning, pay the reader the compliment of assuming that he shares with the poet the power of imagination.

College verse has rarely risen to the level of Mr. Hagedorn's "A Troop of the Guard" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), read at Harvard on a recent Commencement day; a poem which has the freshness of the gallantry which pulls rein on the edge of the charge that it may hear for a moment the clamor of cries for help, and feel the fierce passion of young idealism to be up and away. This poem, with its bugle note, recalls Sydney Smith's spirited counsel: "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." So long as youth is ready to go to the good wars, there will be good poetry. This ringing note is struck more than once in the verse of this young poet:

"Let the battle be grim and a thousand assail us—
By the sun that has led us, we still will defy!
Though the fight go against us, our hope shall not fail us.
Though we die in the striving, we'll laugh as we die."

Other of Mr. Hagedorn's poems appear with "A Troop of the Guard."

Those who heard Mr. Percy Mackaye read the spirited lines of his ballad "Ticonderoga" at the Tercentenary celebration three years ago will not forget the skill with which the historical background was sketched, nor the picturesque quality of the verses in which the place and the day were celebrated. Like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hagedorn a man of university training, Mr. Mackaye shows breadth of intellectual interests and a strong historical instinct. His imagination has an epical quality, and he has written poetic drama with lyrical as well as dramatic feeling. There are passages in "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a comedy, which have a Chaucerian freshness and freedom. This young poet gives the impression of possessing larger resources than he has yet used; and his materials are not yet completely mastered. His genius still outruns his art, and lacks organization. But Mr. Mackaye has given ample evidence of large ability and high ideals both personal and artistic, and time and patience will bring the clear and well-knit structural quality which his work sometimes lacks.

Mr. Niehardt was hailed at the beginning of his career as a disciple of Whitman, and there were signs of early intimacy between the two; but the young poet has studied under older and wiser teachers, and his latest book of verses, "The Stranger at the Gate" (Mitchell Kennerley, New York), is a notable advance in artistic power and skill. There is no lack of freshness in the verse; indeed, freshness of feeling and diction is its special quality, but there is less evidence of the pose of professional newness, less striving for effects and far greater success in securing them. The theme of these latest songs is motherhood, and rarely has the ancient mystery of birth been celebrated with such a sense of its universality and such deep and tender feeling for its sanctity.

Those who care to take stock of the new poetry will find it in twoscore slender books and in two or three volumes of selections. It is well worth studying, not because it is great—though some of the poets may grow to greatness—but because it is high-minded, like the poetry which preceded it; because it shows that the soul of the country is awake; and because there are in it both promise and achievement. It is clean poetry; it has not fallen into the slough of eroticism which dulls the senses, blurs the vision, and blights the inspiration. One feels in it the new passion for humanity which heralds a rebirth of freedom in the modern world. Much of it is crude, but so are all beginnings. It must not be over-praised, but it ought to be recognized. The people who do not know their poets have ceased to hear the voices of their own souls.

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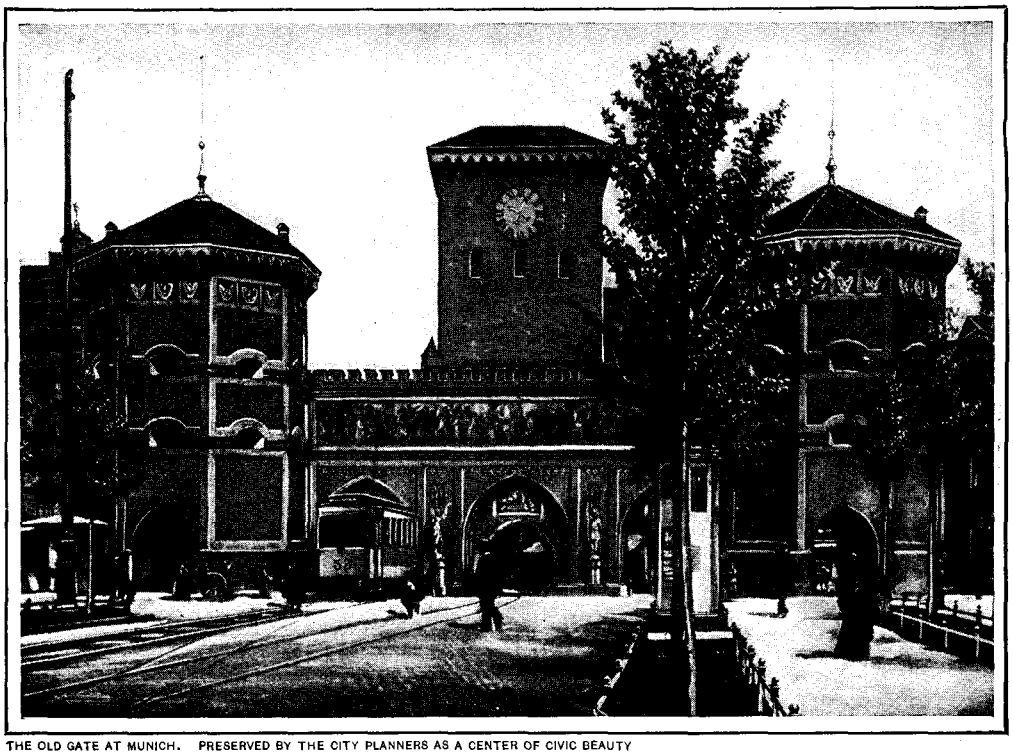

THE OLD GATE AT MUNICH. PRESERVED BY THE CITY PLANNERS AS A CENTER OF CIVIC BEAUTY

CITY SENSE

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

AUTHOR OF "THE CITY, THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY," ETC.

SECOND ARTICLE

CITIES THAT THINK

NO Baedeker is needed to assure the traveler that he has entered a new country as he passes from Holland, Belgium, or France into Germany. If he enters at Cologne, Düsseldorf, or Frankfort, as many wandering Americans do, he comes at once to one of the most finished as well as most highly organized cities of the modern world. Here along the river Rhine cities have sprung up with the rapidity of American growth. Here is industry like that of Cleveland, Detroit, or Pittsburgh; here are iron and steel, machine, tool, silk, woolen, and chemical industries that have made the German name the nightmare of England. Here are cities that might be like our own factory towns. They might be dirty, ugly, and unkempt, in need of a Survey to awaken the people to the horror of their slums, the backwardness of their schools, the poverty of parks and play places, the lack of beauty and charm. These cities might be the breeding-places of millionaires and paupers, breeding-places quickly deserted by the former as soon as some motherly trust relieves the maker of the burden of further care.

But these German towns that have sprung into being since the Franco-Prussian War are not like Pittsburgh, or Cleveland, or Buffalo. Their millionaires do not hasten to Berlin or Paris to escape the dirt and smoke which their mills create. They remain at home, and, if you happen to be a guest of the city, they devote themselves with pride to showing

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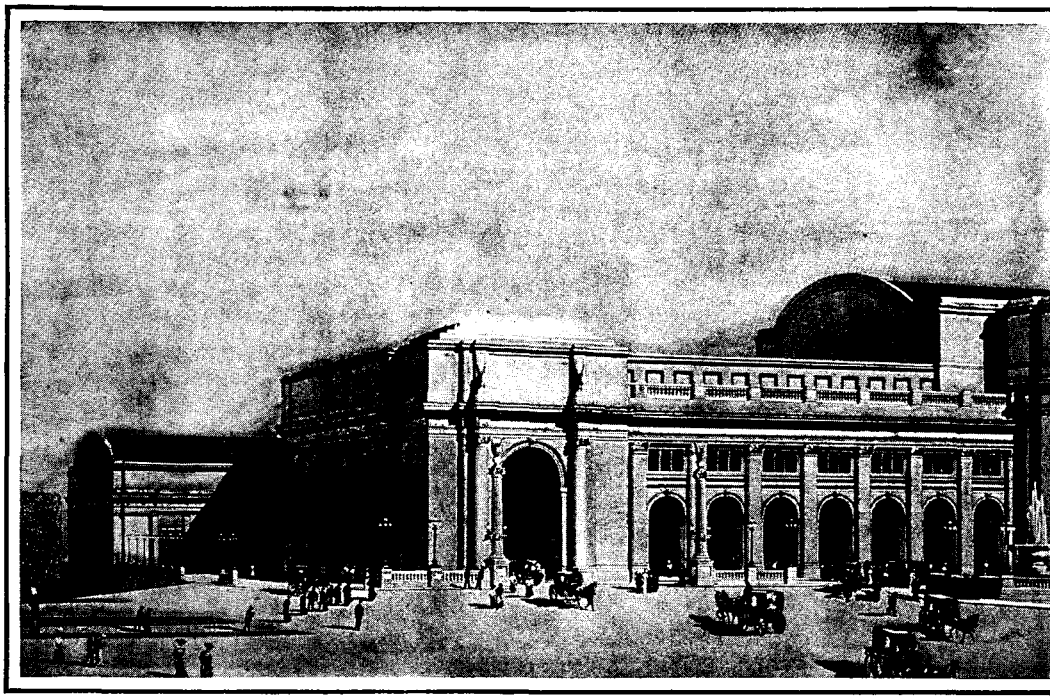

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY JOHN A. LOWELL
BANKNOTE COMPANY, BOSTON. COPYRIGHT 1906

THE GATEWAY OF WASHINGTON IS PROBABLY THE

you why their city is the most attractive and livable city in Europe. And they do this with every show of reason. For these cities are examples of what can be done with a factory city. Certainly they do more for their people than any cities I know. And they are reaping annual dividends on their investment in the stream of travelers that comes to them, not only for the pleasure they offer, but to remain there and build factories and adopt them as a place of residence.

The railway gateway of a German city is a symbol of the whole. It is like the portal of a cathedral or the towered gate of a mediæval town. It is imposing, commodious, commanding. Millions are spent on stations by the Government. The German city would be ashamed to have its gateway anything else than imposing. The station at Frankfort cost $9,000,000, and it was built when Frankfort had less than half the present population of Cleveland, whose railway station would be a disgrace to a German city one-tenth its size.

In front of the station is the station place, the *Bahnhofplatz*. In the foreground is a garden surrounded with clean, well-paved roadways for traffic. Here street railway lines from all over the city converge. Round about the *Bahnhofplatz* are hotels, restaurants, and shops, all of uniform height and in harmony with the station itself. The open space is usually a half-circle. Out from it, like the ribs of a fan, broad streets radiate to different sections of the city.

Such are the railway stations of Frankfort, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Nuremberg, Hamburg, and Cologne. They are city centers, focal points of traffic. Through them the city's life surges. There is no dirt, little noise, less confusion. There is dignity and comfort. Obviously, the city's gateway, the railway station, is under public control.

The portal of the modern German city is the twentieth-century adaptation of the old city gate that is still preserved in Munich, Düsseldorf, and elsewhere. It is treated with studied care. It is the city's most conspicuous point. Therefore it should be beautiful as well as convenient.

We have made a beginning of building gateways in our cities. The Union Station at Washington is of commanding size and classic design. It opens into a spacious formal plaza, which at night is brilliantly lighted. In the distance the Senate building and Capitol rise on Capitol Hill. The intervening space has been razed of buildings, so as not to obstruct the vista. The transportation system of the city radiates from this center.

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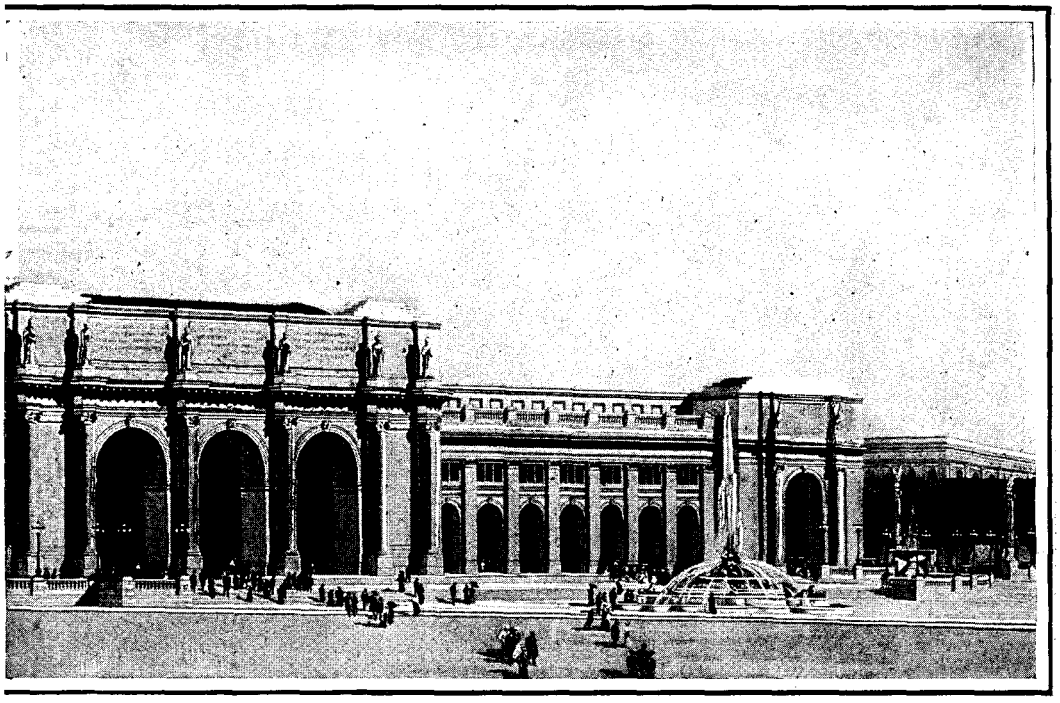

MOST MONUMENTAL OF ANY CITY IN THE WORLD

The gateway of Washington is probably the most monumental of any city in the world. It is worthy of the capital of the Nation.

The new Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations in New York are also of splendid proportions. But, with few exceptions, our railways have permitted the cities to shift as best they can, with unsightly, inconvenient, and inadequate stations.

Cleveland has grouped its public buildings so that the Union Station will open into a mall six hundred feet in width and a fifth of a mile in length, running to the business center of the city. The station is to open on a wide plaza flanked on either side by the Court-House and City Hall. In the foreground is a long formal garden terminating with a vista of the Federal Building and the city Library. Experts have planned similar gateways to Rochester, Buffalo, and other communities.

Germany builds her cities as she builds her stations. They are designed by master builders, by city planners, engineers, and landscape artists. They are planned for people, for business, for convenience, comfort, and beauty. They are consciously designed for people to live in. The city is an extension of the home. Nearly every German city is being built from center to circumference. It has its building director or town planner. This explains the wondrous charm of the Rhine cities, of Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Munich. They are planned as is a great estate, and built as is a modern office building.

This study and control of the physical foundations is what most distinguishes the German city from our own. City planning is Germany's greatest contribution to the municipal problem. It is not the honesty of her officials, not the trained experts who serve as burgomasters; it is the recognition by everybody, from Kaiser to citizen, that the city problem is a physical, not a political, problem; it is this that marks the cities of the Fatherland from those of the rest of the world.

City planning in Germany is an art. There are experts who make it a profession. They go from city to city to confer with local officials on definite problems. They lay out suburbs, plan city centers, locate public buildings, docks, and harbors, and give advice as to building and land restrictions. They compete with plans on some big undertaking, and are recognized as essential aids in the administration of a modern town. There is a permanent school of town planning in Berlin. Another has been opened in Düsseldorf. A large literature has made its appearance. Town planning expositions are held at which

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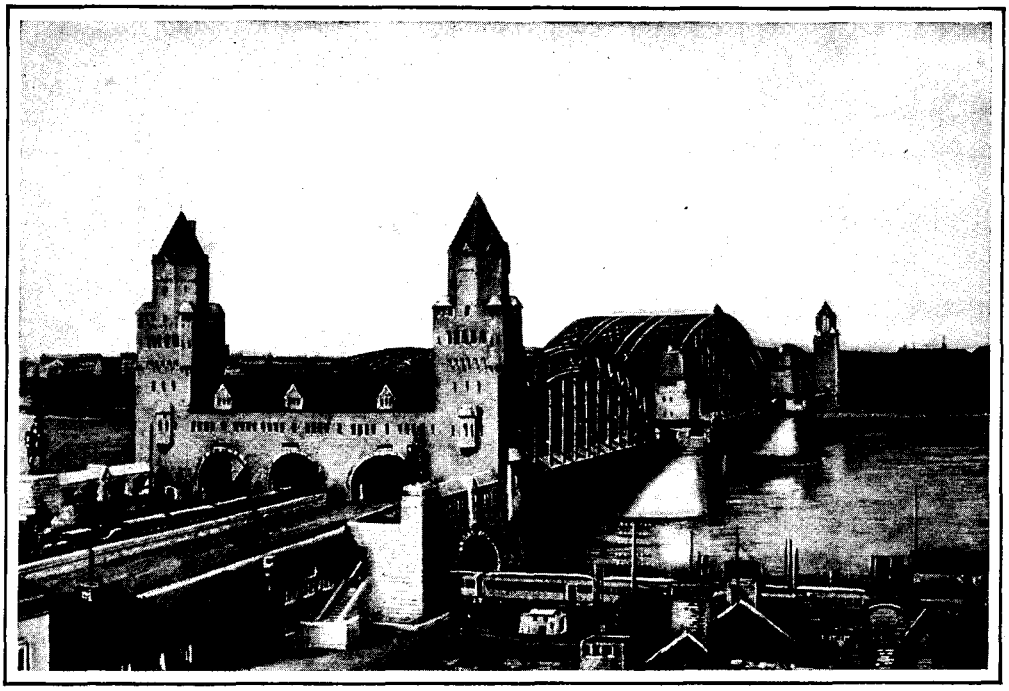

HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE AT COLOGNE

"One stands before the approaches of some of the bridges crossing the Rhine as before a cathedral"

exhibits are presented from all over the world. Such an exhibition was held in Düsseldorf this summer.

Germany realized before any other country that the city is a permanent thing, realized that the city will grow in the future as it has in the past; and, realizing these facts, it has determined that the city shall be built with an eye to the future.

There is a keen rivalry among German cities. The struggle is not for bank clearings, factories, and business, as it is with us, so much as in city building, in the promotion of the arts, beauty, and comfort. Cities vie with one another for tourists, for residents, for business. They compete by offering advantages of all kinds for living, for industry, for education. The professional expert burgomaster has something to do with this. He wants to make a showing. Mayors are ambitious to be called to other cities. But this competition among cities is, I think, largely due to the community itself, to a quite general appreciation of the personal as well as the commercial value of beauty, convenience, cleanliness, and order. The German people seem to have a vision of the city as an agency of prosperity and welfare for all classes, rich and poor alike.

The city of Düsseldorf is an example of the way German cities view themselves, of how they are developed by their expert professional mayors. Some thirteen years ago Dr. Wilhelm Marx was called to be Mayor of Düsseldorf. It was then a city of about 130,000 people. It lies on the river Rhine, not far from Cologne, in the heart of the industrial region of western Germany. The cities of this section are Cologne, Essen, Duisberg, Barmen, and Elberfeld. All were struggling for position, for wealth. Düsseldorf was not unlike Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit, or a score of American cities twelve years ago. It was not unlike a hundred American cities to-day. It might have been as uninteresting, disorderly, dirty, as our own cities. It might have neglected its opportunities. But Dr. Marx appreciated that Düsseldorf could become great, could compete with other cities, only through the action of the city itself. He increased the debt enormously. He acquired the street railways, gas and electric lighting undertakings; he made them as perfect as they could be made. He planned the growth of the city for fifty years by laying out streets, parks, and building sites far in advance of the boundaries. He engaged the city in all kinds of big un-

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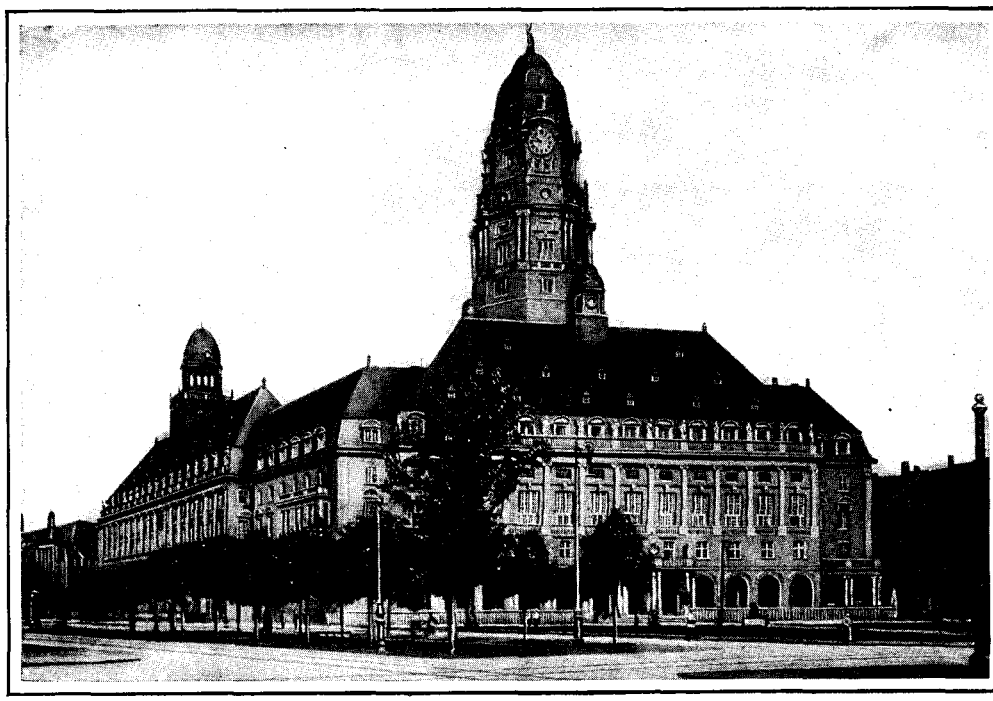

THE NEW CITY HALL IN DRESDEN
An impressive example of city building

dertakings, in the purchase of land, of great woods and parks, in making a continuous parkway on both sides of the Rhine. In twelve years' time he made Düsseldorf the "garden city" of Germany, probably the most finished city in the world. It now has 325,000 people. The German Steel Trust has made it its home. Other industries have chosen it because of its advantages. People come to Düsseldorf as a place of residence. It is a center of arts, music, and education. It is one of the show cities of Germany to which travelers come from all over Europe and America.

Having done this, Dr. Marx retired at the end of twelve years of service. Dr. Oehler, of the near-by city of Crefeld, was chosen by competition to carry on his programme, to which the city is enthusiastically committed.

Düsseldorf is now one of the most perfectly planned cities of the world. It is a show city, like Mannheim, Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Munich. It has been built as an individual would build a home; as the German princes laid out their capital cities. It was, and is, a factory town. But it is as beautiful as Washington.

When I first knew Düsseldorf, twenty years ago, the banks of the Rhine were low-lying marsh land, uncared for and unsightly. They were like the water-fronts of many American cities. The city reared stone embankments to retain the river. Within the embankments it made land and laid out parks, esplanades, and playgrounds, as is being done along the lake front in Chicago. The Rhine promenade runs for miles along the right bank of the river, while upon the opposite side a long shelving beach was converted into a place of public recreation. At one end of the city the Kaiser Wilhelm Park was planned. Some distance from the river bank the Provincial buildings were erected, commanding a fine uninterrupted view. In front of them are a formal garden and playground. Farther on is a permanent art exposition building in which annual exhibits are held.

Here the Düsseldorf School of Art is encouraged. As a permanent endowment of the Art Exposition the city manages a splendid hotel. From the park the embankment narrows into an esplanade like that of the river Seine at Paris or the Victoria Embankment of London. On the top is a drive and promenade way. Steps lead down to landing-stages for passenger boats and pleasure craft. Business is not permitted to

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impair the use and beauty of the river front for pleasure and recreation.

Farther on is the municipal harbor, built at a cost of $3,500,000, in order to encourage river traffic. It trebled the trade of the city in a few years' time. The docks are equipped with the most modern electric and hydraulic devices for the economical handling of freight. There are public warehouses of all kinds connected with the harbor on one side and with railway spurs on the other—all under public control and ownership.

Docks and harbors, railway tracks, promenade ways, and parkways—all are designed as a unit. They are built for commerce, for beauty, for people. There is no dirt, no confusion, no smoke. As in all German cities, the water frontage is prized and protected as one of the most valuable assets of the city.

The water approaches to the average American city are unsightly. They are given over to railway tracks, to shacks, to factories. Rarely are they beautiful. Rarely are they of any value except for limited trade and commerce. With the exception of New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, none of our cities have made any serious effort to use their water frontage for the community, while along the Great Lakes the harbors are for the most part the private possession of the railways and the Steel Trust. From Duluth to Buffalo the Government has spent tens of millions on harbor improvements which have contributed but little to the development of competitive traffic. It would seem reasonable to insist that, before any expenditure is made by the Government, the city or the State should first make provision for the freedom of the harbor from private monopoly.

Germany owns her steam railways, and operates them to encourage industry, commerce, and export trade. Rates are fixed with these ends in view. There is no conflict between the cities and the railway administration. The railway is not an eyesore, a source of annoyance, dirt, and smoke. It is part of the city plan. Terminals, tracks, and stations are built into the city just as are the streets. They are subordinate to the community. Terminals are located at convenient places. Sidings are built where needed. The railways are connected with the docks, harbors, and waterways so as to encourage traffic and reduce cost. Every possible facility is afforded to industry to make the railways serve.

In Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort, Charlottenburg, and elsewhere, we were shown how these German cities lay out suburbs and build streets; how they study the foundations of the city as an architect studies the foundations of a structure. Cities appreciate that the land of the city's site must be controlled. The land speculator cannot develop his property as he wills. He can only plat it as the city decrees. The city, not the owner, determines the style, width, direction, and place of streets. It does the building itself. It puts in the sewers, pavements, sidewalks, and almost always the water, gas, electric lighting conduits, and street railway tracks when the street is built. The cost of the street is charged back against the owner, to be paid by him in easy installments.

The land around Munich has been planned on paper for fifty years' growth. The street plan is recognized as controlling the life of the city. Streets control the business. They are designed to facilitate traffic by the shortest possible routes. They control comfort, convenience, pleasure. The nature of the territory is studied, and the uses to which it would naturally be put. Streets control the health and housing of the people; so the city plans its streets to prevent the evils with which we are familiar. Streets are the circulatory system of the community, and they are designed accordingly.

This appreciation of the permanence of the city and the necessity for the control of its physical foundations is part of the conscious building of cities. This explains the beauty, charm, and orderliness of the German city. Municipal ordinances decide whether land shall be used for residences or industry. Factories are compelled to locate on that side of the city away from the prevailing winds. Residence districts for workingmen's houses are determined in the same way as are the sites for residential villas. And each district is laid out according to its particular use.

The area of the city is divided into building zones, in each of which the percentage of land that may be covered by buildings is fixed. In Ulm the lot area in the new building sections is distributed as follows: fifty per cent is reserved for front gardens, thirteen per cent for rear gardens, seventeen per cent for streets, while only twenty per cent can be built upon. Mannheim is divided into three zones. In the business section sixty per cent may be covered by buildings, which may be five stories high. In the next

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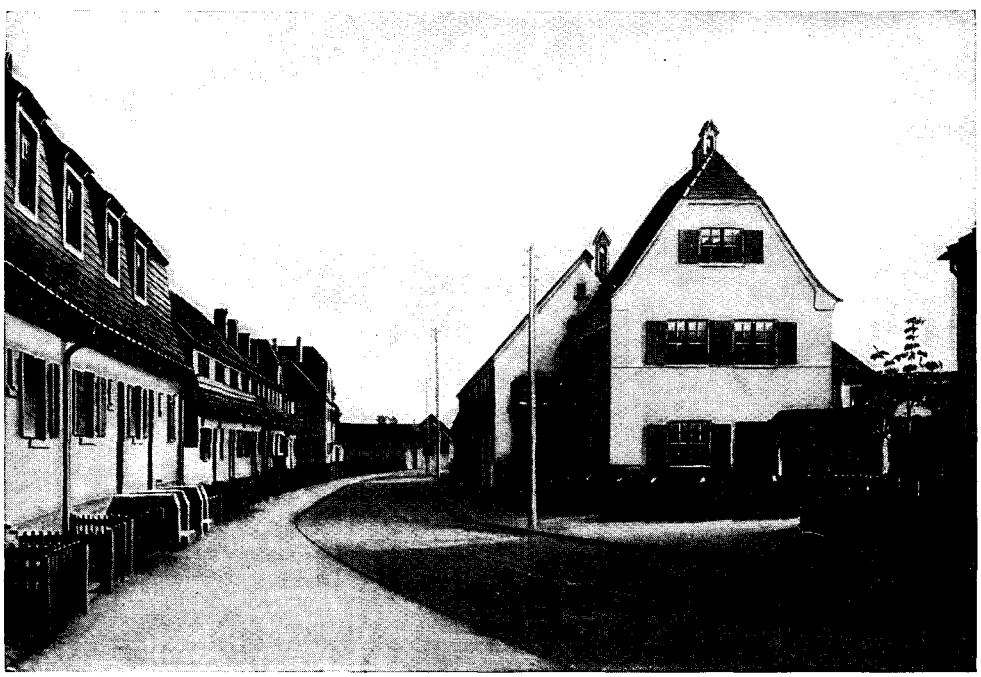
WORKINGMEN'S COLONY, KRUPP WORKS, ESSEN



GARDEN CITY COLONY FOR WORKMEN, NEAR DRESDEN

HERE ARE INDUSTRIES THAT HAVE MADE THE GERMAN NAME THE NIGHTMARE OF ENGLAND. THEY MIGHT LOOK LIKE OUR OWN FACTORY TOWNS—BUT THEY DO NOT. GERMAN CITIES ARE BUILT FOR FIVE SENSES RATHER THAN FOR BUT ONE

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outer zone fifty per cent may be built upon, with space between each building; the limit of height is three stories, and the building area is much smaller. In the residence district of Cologne fifty per cent of the land must be free. The building line is also fixed a certain distance back from the lot line. This insures harmony in house frontage. Houses and business blocks may not exceed in height the width of the street. In certain sections houses must be a certain distance apart. This insures light and air. It prevents congestion. It guarantees the city against the disease-breeding conditions of the slums.

This control of the land and streets is the most important feature in city planning. Schools of planners have arisen with very divergent ideas about street styles. All of the planners repudiate the American rectangular block type of streets. They are rarely permitted except in limited business sections. They are monotonous, cold, and uninviting. They are not even suited to traffic. One school urges spacious streets, like those of Washington. It designs thoroughfares with long swinging or serpentine curves, so as to secure vistas to house fronts. Another school breaks up the street arrangement by making the streets very irregular. It tries to reproduce the picturesqueness of the sixteenth-century city, of which Nuremberg and Rothenberg are the best examples. The aim is to make streets cozy and comfortable, to adjust them to living, to domestic use.

Provision is made for broad boulevards and *Ringstrassen* to serve as radial thoroughfares. They are parked in the center as promenade ways. The street car tracks are sodded to keep down the dust and noise. There are bridle-paths and broad sidewalks. These boulevards bring the parkways into every part of the city. At frequent intervals there are gardens and playgrounds. They are designed with great variety. Some of them suggest the Italian, others the English, garden. There are retiring spots for the family to gather, for the pedestrian to rest.

Some German cities lay water, gas, and other service pipes under the sidewalks instead of in the center of the roadway. This is done to protect the pavement from being torn up to get access to the service mains. The pipes are laid in galleries, and, while the initial cost is somewhat heavy, there is ultimate economy in repairs to the streets. Private corporations, of course, are not permitted to interfere with the roadways or to tear them up at all, as is done in this country.

There is beauty in everything. For beauty the city spends generously. Bridges have commanding approaches. They are adorned with statuary. One stands before the approaches of some of the bridges crossing the Rhine as before a cathedral. River banks are laid out with elaborate care. Clock towers are located at street intersections. Along street railway lines are comfortable waiting-rooms. Street signs and electric poles are artistically designed. Telephone and telegraph wires are placed underground. In some cities trolley spans are hung from the sides of buildings by rosettes. Business signs and billboards are controlled or prohibited altogether. Announcements are limited to public kiosks, from which frequently papers are sold. Almost every large German city brings its parks down to the business district by its *Hofgartens*, city centers, or *Ringstrassen*, while the market grounds, city halls, plazas, and station places are made as attractive as possible. Beauty is not an end in itself. It is merely incidental. It is taken as a matter of course in all public work. The German city is built for five senses rather than for but one.

Many expedients are adopted by cities to encourage beauty in private work. Paris abates part of the street tax to owners whose structures receive official approval. In Brussels and Copenhagen medals are awarded to architects for the finest building of the year, while in Paris prizes are given for the best street façades. House fronts are ornamented with window-boxes, and some streets present the appearance of a continuous hanging garden. Good architecture is given public as well as private approval.

There is competition in big city-planning projects. Berlin and Munich have recently awarded substantial money prizes for plans of city rebuilding—for the development of the suburbs and for city centers. The plans of Munich cover an area adequate for fifty years to come.

France and England have caught the spirit of Germany. Town planning has been made compulsory in these countries by legislation enacted in 1909. Now all French cities must be laid out in a comprehensive, far-sighted way. America, too, has felt the inspiration of Germany. We have begun to think in city

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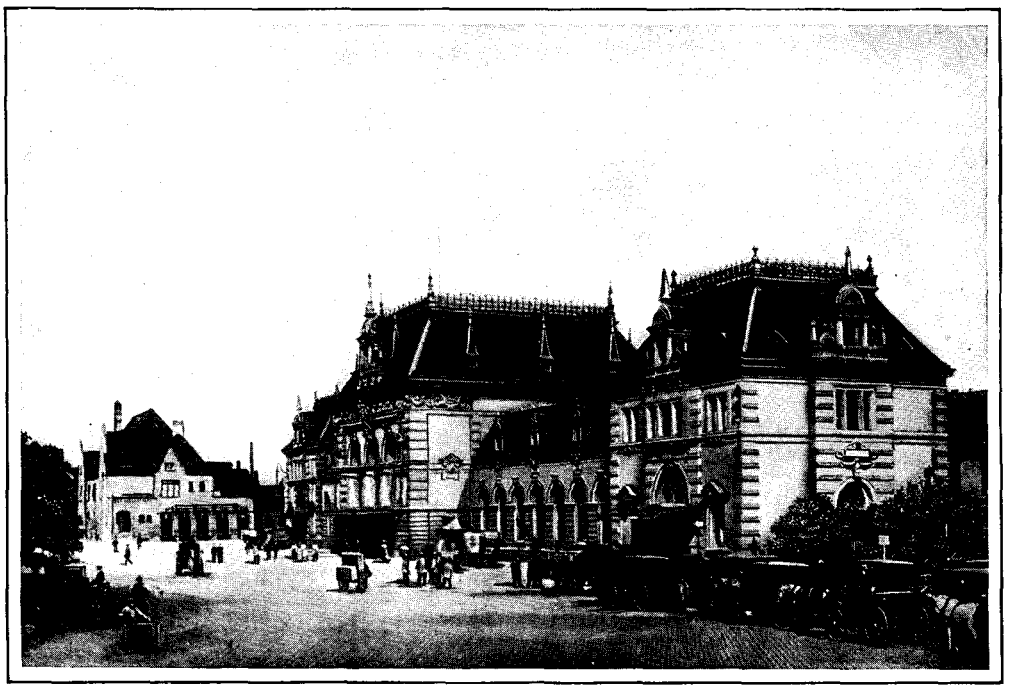
terms, to build for beauty, to plan cities. This awakening is, I think, the most encouraging sign in the whole municipal movement. For it is a social awakening, a recognition of the necessity of controlling property. Nearly a hundred American cities have undertaken planning projects of more or less ambitious proportions. A large number of them have employed experts to aid them.

As yet city planning in this country is limited. It is confined to city centers, to the grouping of public buildings, to the opening up of boulevards and parks, to the Haussmannization of old sections of the city. Chicago has planned a much more comprehensive scheme, covering the whole city. Boston is working on a great metropolitan plan. Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan have enacted legislation giving cities power to plan suburbs. And the movement is only a few years old.



RAILWAY STATION IN DÜSSELDORF

Düsseldorf might have been as disorderly and dirty as our own cities, but under the guidance of Mayor Wilhelm Marx it became, in twelve years, probably the most finished city in the world

More than a century ago Washington was planned, as all cities should be planned, by Major L'Enfant, who was employed by the Federal Government. It was laid out for a hundred years in advance of its building. With untouched sites to build upon, and with the example of Washington before them, American cities should have been the best-planned cities in the world. Yet not a single American city followed the example of Washington, with its spacious dignity and beauty. Instead of that, our cities adopted the checkerboard street plan of Philadelphia or left the planning wholly to individual landowners. This failure to anticipate the future is the most costly of all our municipal failures. Our neglect of the physical foundations makes our cities ugly, monotonous, and lacking in beauty. Even to-day we are neglecting our suburbs, and permitting ring after ring of mean streets to be laid out by private builders. A little foresight could make our surroundings beautiful. We should appreciate the fact that cities will continue to grow in the future as they have in the past. We could easily prevent the reappearance of old abuses by merely laying out the suburbs as the Germans do, by purchasing open spaces for parks, playgrounds, and sites for public buildings in advance of their need, and by treating city planning as worthy of as much care as the building of our sewers.

City planning is a larger programme than streets, parks, or playgrounds. It is more than the city beautiful. In Germany city planning involves the building of workingmen's homes. Almost all of the larger cities have built municipal or co-operative houses

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for the relief of the housing question. Germany, like England, has reached the conclusion that the building of houses for the poor cannot with safety be left exclusively to private hands. Cities meet this problem by the erection of model apartments which rent at from four dollars a month upwards and which contain every convenience as well—co-operative restaurants, libraries, *crèches*, kindergartens, and play places in the open courts in the center. Germany has not solved the housing problem, which is very acute in all her industrial cities. But the cities and co-operative organizations, aided by the insurance funds of the State, have made a beginning, and have pointed the way by which it can be solved. The housing of the people is part of the science of town planning. So is the development of water, steam, and street transportation, as well as railway and water terminals. Street railways, gas, electric light, and water are treated as the cities' vital organs, to be owned and operated for service, comfort, and convenience. Harbors are planned and waterways used with the same motive. All along the Rhine River, along the Baltic Sea, even inland cities like Berlin and Dresden, utilize waterways for carrying on a tremendous traffic. The banks of streams in Berlin and Vienna, and inland lakes, like the Alster in Hamburg, are jealously preserved and made as beautiful as possible.

Beauty is joined with utility in everything. The ugly is not tolerated. Frankfort found it necessary to open up some of the mediæval streets in the center of the city. It did it with reverence. It reproduced the overhanging upper stories of the old house fronts. Even the crooked streets were preserved. Cities maintain the old gates and frame them with harmonious structures, as in Munich. In Nuremberg and Munich new housing projects in the suburbs are designed to reproduce the old type of houses, with projecting upper stories, with porticoes and fretwork, like those of mediæval times. Opera-houses, theaters, music-halls, palm gardens, bath-houses, and play places, all these are part of a comprehensive plan, and are located at the right place. They are maintained by the city as necessary functions of a well-ordered municipal life.

In Germany the municipal problem is a physical rather than a political problem. With us reform is personal. We think of men rather than programmes. City administration is personal, partisan, ethical. European cities think of things. They have a definite physical programme of building. We exalt the individual, give wide latitude to private business, irrespective of its effect on the rest of us. We permit land speculators, builders, and franchise corporations to do with us as they will, and the courts restrain us from any attempt to control their license.

The German city reverses this. It thinks of all the people, of to-morrow as well as to-day, of lot-buyers as well as lot-sellers, of consumers as well as producers. It seems always to be thinking of the community. The American city is run for private businesses, each of which has a recognized standing above and superior to the rights of all of us. This is the chief failure of American cities. This is our most serious problem. Our failure to control property in the interest of the community has sacrificed the American city. Not until we begin to think in new terms, not until we appreciate the necessity of controlling things as we control people, can we hope for a big municipal life.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A FIGHTING PROGRESSIVE

THERE are not many public men who evoke both fear and affection. Some men who have great strength of mind and will are leaders because they can drive their opponents before them. Such men, however, usually inspire in their followers no deeper feeling than respect. Other men who have winning qualities of manner and personality are leaders because they inspire in their followers a loyal affection. Such men, however, may even disarm their opponents by their own amiability, but they do not cause their opponents any great concern. The man who commands the affection as well as the respect of his coadjutors and allies, and at the same time can put fear into the heart of the foe, is a rare sort of leader.

This is the kind of man the Progressive party has selected as its nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

He is one of the best-hated men in America. He earned the hatred of some men by the way in which he prosecuted corruption as attorney for the public in a California court room. The man whose place he took, Francis Heney, had been shot down and almost mortally wounded while he was conducting the prosecution before the judge. Hiram Johnson concluded the case successfully. As a consequence Abe Ruef was sent to jail and wealthy corruptionists were forced to loosen their grasp.

Then Hiram Johnson was chosen first as the Progressive Republicans' candidate for the gubernatorial nomination; then, after a struggle of nearly half a year, as the Republican candidate for Governor; and finally, after another bitter fight against the worst forces in the State, as Governor.

Under his administration the State of California experienced the greatest change in the fundamental character of its government that any State of the Union has probably ever undergone in so short a time. Not long ago notorious because of its subservience to one of the worst forms of oligarchy, the rule of a railway corporation, California has now become a pioneer in the development of self-government. This change has involved a renewal of the State Constitution. And through it all Governor Johnson, with a strong hand, has held the State on its course. How he has led his forces of construction was told by Mr. William Kent in The Outlook for the 10th of last February.

At the same time he has made the great majority of the people of California his loyal and affectionate friends. The feeling toward him is that of a body of soldiers to such a general as Sheridan.

At the Republican National Convention last June Mr. Johnson was an effective leader of the forces that were fighting against the group of men in control of that body. The delegation from his State was from beginning to end eager in its defiance of them; and it was one of the delegations to suffer from the methods those men employed. With the rest of the California delegation, Mr. Johnson wished to repudiate the Convention as soon as it was shown to be in the control of that group. Other counsels prevailed; and it was decided by the protesting delegates that the fight for their principles should continue, without an overt act of repudiating the Convention until every resource had been exhausted. Here it was that Mr. Johnson proved his capacity as leader. Without changing his opinion as to what was the wiser course, he accepted the decision of the majority, and with power and effectiveness acted as a field officer in the struggle according to the prevailing plan. And when, in the course of that stubborn parliamentary battle, he appeared before that body, which he regarded as already fraudulent in its very constitution, he made a speech on behalf of

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HIRAM W. JOHNSON

the protesting delegates that will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Even the most unfriendly among his auditors could not deny the power of his incisive words, uttered with a voice that expressed in its very tones indignation under control. The next time that he appeared in that place was somewhat more than six weeks later, when he was summoned before another great body of delegates, and, standing beside Theodore Roosevelt, announced his acceptance of the Progressive nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

His power with men can be readily understood by those who heard those two speeches. Whoever hears him, whether he agrees with him or not, cannot doubt for a moment that here is a man who knows what he thinks, who means what he says, who wills what he sets his hand to, and who feels strongly and deeply; who counts as his own foes all whom he recognizes to be the enemies of the people, and who commands the loyalty of others because of his own loyalty to the cause he espouses.

Hiram Johnson has the distinction of being selected for the Vice-Presidency on account of his fitness for the position of President. Ordinarily, in American history the man chosen to be ready to take the President's place has been chosen without regard to his fitness for the Presidency. Each of the two traditional parties has been divided into two factions—the one conservative, the other more radical or liberal. The candidate for the Presidency being chosen by the dominant faction, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency is chosen in order that the other faction may be placated. Thus the candidate for the Vice-Presidency is usually not merely a colorless man, who, though belonging to the minority faction, is tolerably liked by the dominant faction, but also one who, by the nature of the case, cannot be expected to carry on the policies of the man whom he may at any time succeed. The Progressive party, by the very circumstances of its origin being free from this division into two diverse parts, has selected as its Vice-Presidential candidate one who stands for the same principles and policies as its nominee for the Presidency. The Convention that chose Hiram Johnson believed, in the words used at the time, that he was fit not only to be President, but to be a great President.

A BORN DEMOCRAT

The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency is Thomas Riley Marshall, Governor of Indiana. In some respects Mr. Marshall is a counterpart of Mr. Sherman, the present Vice-President and Republican candidate to succeed himself. Both men

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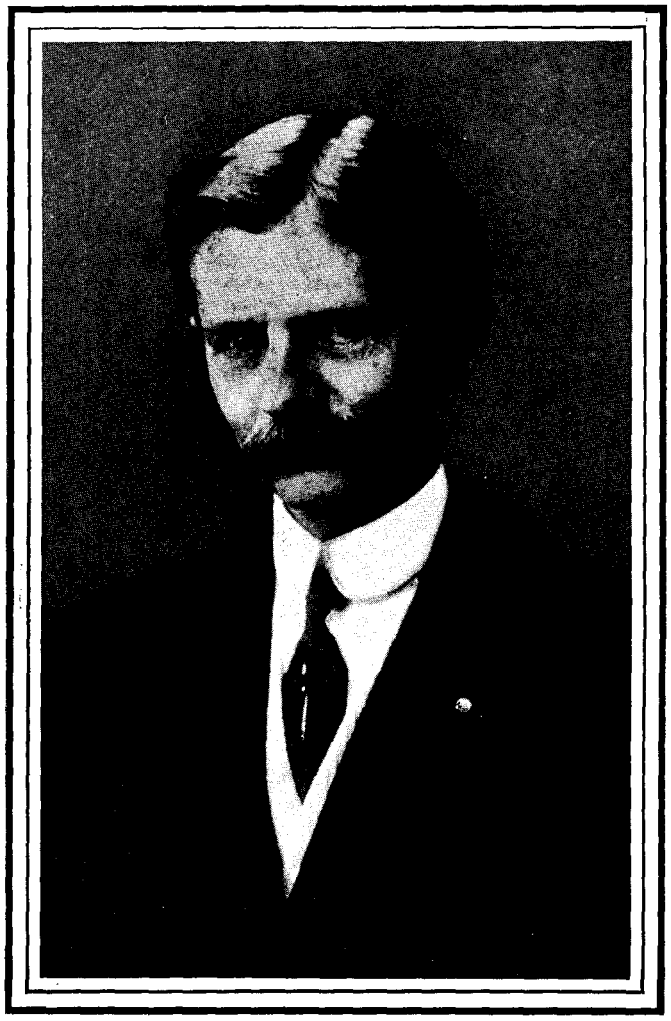
belong to that old-fashioned school of rather rhetorical politicians who are inclined to "point with pride" or "view with alarm."

Of the two, however, Mr. Sherman has a tendency toward being taciturn; Mr. Marshall, on the other hand, is a good deal of a talker. But how epigrammatically he talks! For instance, the other day, in speaking of the tariff as a burden on the many and a benefit to the few, he said: "It is no part of government to boost one man and boot another."

Again, "A dollar is so clean that an infant may cut its teeth upon it."

Again, "Democrats, like poets, are born, not made."

There is also a homely, homespun fervor about Governor Marshall's speeches. Not only has he an unusual capacity for phrase-making, of stating truths concisely and sententiously, but he effectively unites candor with fervidness. Finally, he understands how to "size up" a political situation. For instance:



THOMAS R. MARSHALL

The voter who cannot satisfy himself this year is indeed censorious. Eliminating the verbiage of platforms, taking their substance and viewing the candidates placed on them, the voter who believes that the cost of production at home and abroad should be equalized to the manufacturer of this country, and who wants an oligarchy to rule, may vote the straight Republican ticket.

The voter who believes in a similar protective theory, but who prefers to an oligarchy that the President shall be the state, may vote the Progressive ticket.

The voter who believes this Government should be turned into a socialism may vote the Socialistic ticket.

The voter who thinks that church and state are not separate in America, and that the people have a right to settle religious questions and to determine by ballot what is good and what is bad, may vote the Prohibition ticket.

All those who insist that it is not the business of government to equalize the cost of production at home and abroad to the manufacturer until it equalizes the difference in the purchase price to the consumer at home and abroad, who believe that the only equalization justifiable in our Government is the equalization of opportunity, who think that public office is a public trust, who do not believe that disgruntled and defeated politicians are genuine reformers, and who think that reformers are not born with sore toes, may vote the Democratic ticket.

Politically, Mr. Marshall may be termed a Jeffersonian individualist. But he is something more, for he describes his party's purpose as follows: "To give every man his chance in life, unhampered and unaided by legislative enactment. That means the use of powers never contemplated by Jefferson."

Governor Marshall does not take much stock in the opinion of Progressives that the people do not rule as they should. "The people do rule," declares the Governor, "and

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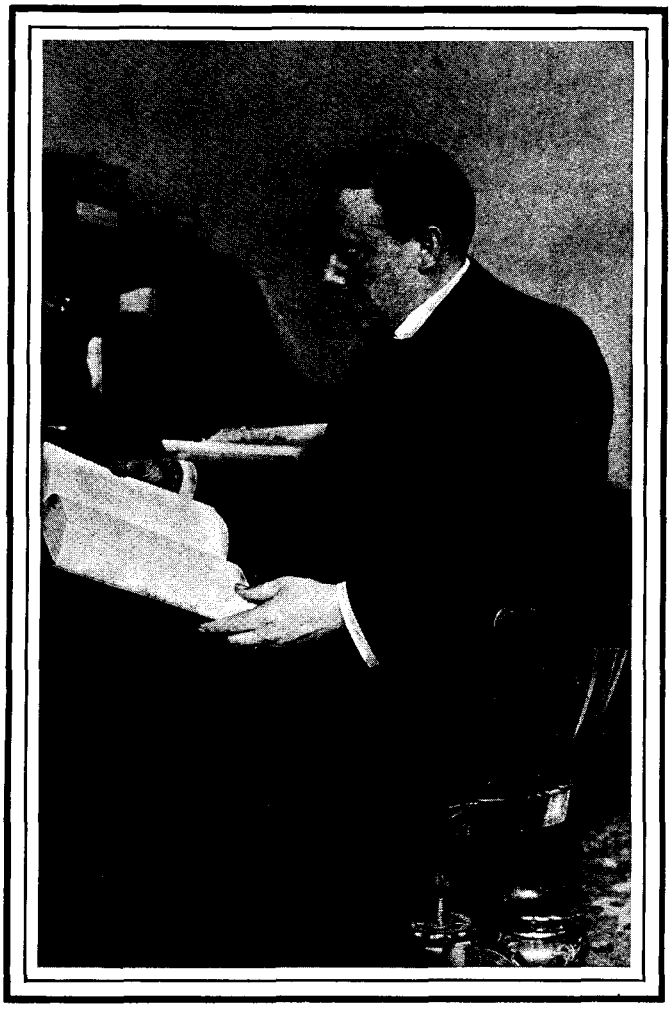

JOSEPH MOORE DIXON

always have, and can have just the kind of government they want"—the view of a political optimist!

Mr. Marshall is a native Indianan. He was born at Manchester, Indiana, in 1854. He is a graduate of Wabash College, an institution of which he is now a trustee. He practiced law at Columbia City, Indiana. Three years ago he was elected Governor. In appearance he is a typical American. Quick, alert, nervous, with all his senses on tap, he seems thoroughly alive to all that is going on; and he inspires those about him, without distinction of political party, with his conscientious conviction of duty and his entire courage in doing it. Despite certain personal and political limitations, the Democratic party might, in its search for a Vice-Presidential candidate, have gone very much farther and fared very much worse.

DIXON OF MONTANA

When, late last winter, Progressive Republicans all over the country had made unmistakable their demand that Mr. Roosevelt should let his name come before the Republican Convention, and Mr. Roosevelt consented, an unprecedented situation was presented. Many of the delegates to that Convention, mainly in Republican States, were, for the first time in American political history, to be chosen by popular vote at Presidential preference primaries. It was therefore necessary that the Progressive Republicans should be organized in some way, and justify their demand by their votes at the primary polls. Committees were formed in various States, and also a National Committee. It was soon made plain that the Progressive leaders of the party would have to initiate and carry through a campaign; and equally plain that in that campaign one speaker was essential in every State—Mr. Roosevelt himself. No such task had ever been undertaken before. All the National party machinery was in the hands of the opponents of the Progressives. On the part of the Progressives it had to be an amateur fight. The very proposal of this campaign elicited from the regular party leaders and from many newspapers all kinds of jokes and jeers.

It was at this time that Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, was selected as Chairman of the National Roosevelt Committee and manager of the Progressives' campaign. What was accomplished during that campaign is a matter of history and needs not to be rehearsed here.

Then, after the Republican National Committee, in control of the opponents of the Progressives, had done what they could to

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frustrate the results accomplished at the primaries, came the Republican Convention. There Senator Dixon again showed his executive power. It is hard to imagine the extent of the labor involved in this whole struggle. Before the Convention was concluded it became evident that the struggle was not yet ended. If the Progressives were to win their fight, they saw that they must form a new party. That meant that the fight would have to be renewed on a larger scale, and that a new organization would have to be built up throughout all the States of the Union. Senator Dixon, who had borne the brunt of the executive work for four months, never wavered. He turned to the task ahead of him as if he did not know what it involved. In less than six weeks he was at the head of a fighting organization that represented every State but one in the Union; and almost exactly seven weeks after the Republican Convention assembled in Chicago, he called to order in the same city and in the same building another—the first National Progressive Convention.

The whole country knows what the spirit of that Convention was—knows of its moral fervor, its earnestness expressed in the singing of the great assemblage, and as much in its willingness to sit silent and listen as in its songs. The whole country does not realize, however, how much the spirit of this Convention is due to the ability of Senator Dixon, not only in calling upon the right sort of men and women to aid in the organization of the new party, but also in the tone which he gave to that Convention by his words as he called the Convention to order and summoned its members to the serious duties before them.

When Senator Dixon has anything to say, he says it in a vigorous Western fashion, and there is no mistaking his meaning. He never says anything, however, unless he has something to say. It is what he does that counts; and he does it in a quiet, resolute way—and then there is no mistaking his determination.

Senator Dixon is forty-six years old—young for a Senator. In the Senate he never has gone to the extremes that two or three of the more impetuous of his colleagues have reached. He has simply followed his convictions. And now that his convictions involve a laborious work promising much sacrifice and no material reward, he keeps following them in his hopeful, engaging, efficient way.

A FIGHTING DISTRICT ATTORNEY

A mere glance at the portrait of Charles S. Whitman will convince any keen observer of human character that the District Attorney of New York County possesses at least one of the essential qualities of an efficient prosecutor of lawbreakers—the fighting quality. There are other essential qualities, too—a thorough knowledge of the law, a familiarity with court procedure, an ability to discriminate between the good and bad in human nature, and the possession of high standards of civic and social morals. These qualities District Attorney Whitman also possesses in a more than ordinary degree; but it is the fighting function of the public prosecutor, the determination to protect the community from the vicious and criminal, not merely by defensive methods, but by offensive methods, which have enabled District Attorney Whitman to do more than any one other single public official to expose and bring to punishment the foul and barbarous group of grafters who have been preying upon New York City through the Police Department. To cope with men of this type, who do not scruple to commit the most dastardly murders, requires the kind of moral and physical courage that will fight and fight hard against overwhelming odds. It is peculiarly fortunate for New York City that it has a man of this type in the office of District Attorney just at this time.

Charles Seymour Whitman was born in 1868, the son of a minister of the Congregational Church. His father was a graduate of Williams College in the class of '54. Judge Whitman was a graduate from Amherst in the class of 1890. On graduating from the law school of New York University in 1894, he immediately began to practice law in the city of New York. After eight years of private practice, he entered the public service in 1902 by becoming Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, to which position he was appointed by Mayor Low. During Mr. Low's administration he also acted as the Mayor's legal adviser, and he was finally appointed by Mayor Low to be a City Magistrate, an office which had been so often belittled by the character and conduct of some of its incumbents that Judge

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CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN

Whitman's friends regretted his acceptance of the position. But he had the wise judgment to perceive that a city magistrate who regards his office as a public trust can perform both useful and important services for the community. While a city magistrate he originated the Night Court, by means of which those persons who are arrested for alleged misdemeanors at night can be arraigned at once without detention in the police station. The Night Court, which has been very successful in promoting both efficiency and justice, has gone far to destroy the extortion which used to be practiced by professional bondsmen. Judge Whitman's efficiency as a city magistrate is attested by the fact that the Board of City Magistrates, strongly Democratic, elected him as President, although he has always been strongly Republican.

From the Board of City Magistrates Mr. Whitman was promoted by Governor Hughes in 1907 to be a judge of the Court of General Sessions, and his record on the bench was an admirable one. It is this service as a city magistrate and on the bench of the Court of General Sessions that has given him the title of Judge—a title which is in common use among his friends and associates, although his present office is not a judicial one. In 1909 the opponents of Tammany Hall united in a Fusion movement in which Mr. Otto T. Bannard, the well-known Republican banker of this city, was nominated for Mayor. Judge Whitman was named as the Fusion candidate for the office of District Attorney. Mr. Bannard was defeated for the office of Mayor, but Judge Whitman was elected District Attorney by a plurality of about thirty thousand in a county which is normally Democratic by from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand. The record of his administration has been an admirable one, both as regards the type of men appointed as his assistants and deputies and as regards the spirit which animates their work. He has not only made it his business to prosecute criminal violations of the law with vigor and without fear or favor, but he has undertaken to promote justice as well as to prevent crime. "On the theory that he is a prosecutor and not a persecutor"—we quote from a recent legal publication—"he has determined to correct certain abuses in the police courts of New York City through which impecunious defendants suffer. His plan is to send a representative of his office to each court, with instructions to see that all defendants get a square deal. If the testimony warrants conviction or holding for a trial in higher courts, the District Attorney's representative will serve as a prose-

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cutor ; if it is insufficient, or if there are irregularities in court procedure, he will act as counsel for the prisoner."

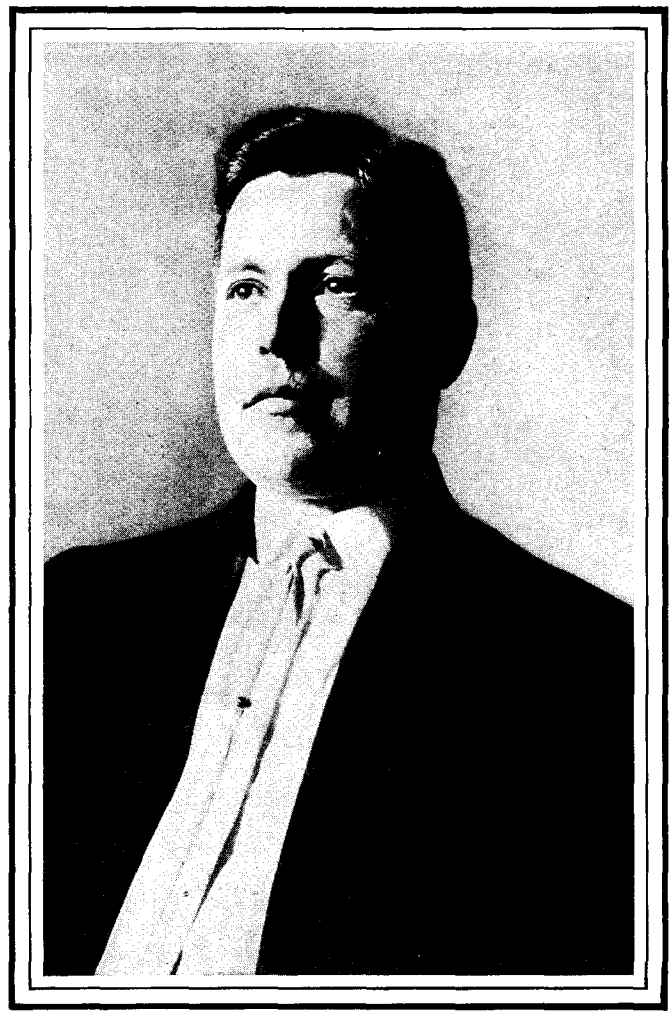
We hope to see Mr. Whitman's term of public service long continue. If the citizens of the city of New York or of the State of New York are wise, they will see to it that a man of his acquirements, character, and experience is not dropped from the public service because of their lack of appreciation.

THE INVESTIGATOR OF THE NEW YORK POLICE

"Tell us of your early struggles, Mr. Buckner."

"No garret story, please. Until I came to the bar I did stenographic and secretarial work—but was well paid and had lots of fun out of it."

In this fashion Emory R. Buckner, who has recently been made chief counsel to the Committee of the New York Board of Aldermen that is investigating New York police conditions, met the newspaper demand for "copy"—one of the great tests of character for public men. His answer discloses a healthiness and honesty and humor which are of the essence of the man. His career through college and professional school was the experience of many men, and he did not propose to capitalize it beyond its true value of good sense and industry and sound ambition, nor yet mar its wholesome enjoyment by retrospective self-pity.



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EMORY R. BUCKNER

At thirty-five Buckner has a big opportunity before him, but only the superficial observer thinks that the capacity and character that are intrusted with the constructive solution of the most far-reaching problem of New York City is a birth, or perhaps even an accident, of the moment. In truth, Buckner is a philosopher and knows that luck, or opportunity, or whatever you call it, is the "x" of a human equation ; but he had prepared himself to meet it when it came. He is a Westerner, is Buck (as his familiars call him), but he has an appreciation of the complexities and subtleties of life that would jar Henry James's simple conception of that traditional gentleman. He has, too, the ardor and effective self-confidence of a Westerner, but to call him breezy would only disclose the ignorant smugness of the critic.

With a rare gift for distinguishing the essential from the immaterial, a telling forensic talent, a mind at once subtle and robust and capable of sound generalization, with a strong joy for battle, the law has claimed him as her rightful own.

Leaving Harvard Law School in 1907, he came to New York largely because life has always seemed to attract him most along the lines of greatest resistance. The professional

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opportunities and not merely the occasional heavy professional returns draw so many men of high talent to New York. There, intellectual interests and the play of forces receive their best satisfaction. No one knew better the hazards and cruelties of New York. No place can be more obscuring or isolating; and, as he himself has said, New York is not the least like a slot machine where so much talent and industry are put in in return for compensating reward.

But New York needs the talent of men like Buckner—at least as much as they need its opportunities. He came to New York City just at the time that Henry L. Stimson, the present Secretary of War and then United States Attorney, in his efforts to have the public interests as effectively represented as the large private interests against whom the Government was proceeding, reorganized the District Attorney's office through a group of young men, most of them recent graduates from our law schools, to whom the stimulus of public spirit made an especial appeal. This opportunity for giving his talent the direction of service inevitably attracted Buckner. He is singularly free from cant and untainted by any notions of self-righteousness, but the Government service released both his effectiveness and his enthusiasm. The public service as at present organized naturally devolves great responsibility upon the young and even inexperienced. Buckner was equal to the responsibility and grew under it. He distinguished himself especially in the fraud prosecution against the Sugar Trust. The work he did in the office of the United States District Attorney, confirmed by his subsequent career, led Mr. Stimson, a restrained and conscientious critic, to write to the Aldermanic Board that no better-equipped counsel, for his years or beyond, could be chosen than Buckner.

In 1910 Judge Whitman, the present District Attorney for New York County, took Buckner from the Federal office and made him one of his senior assistants in the County District Attorney's office. The great volume and variety of litigation in that office gave practice to the innate powers of Buckner, and he became widely recognized at the bar as an advocate of power and purpose and a cross-examiner of rare skill. His experience as Assistant District Attorney of the county likewise gave him intimate contact with the various police problems of the city in their relations to the complex question of prostitution, gambling, and the maintenance of public order.

Buckner has been but few years at the bar, but he illustrates anew that, in the growth of strength and insight and power, events and intensity of experience are more important than years. As a lawyer he has burning enthusiasm and consuming devotion to his cause, but marked generosity to his opponent; and he is a partisan only of Truth. His humor, his perspective, a sense of the congruities of things, and sympathy with life's incongruities, add poise and judgment to his effectiveness.

When the Committee of the Board of Aldermen charged with the investigation of the police situation came to select its chief counsel, it was realized that the work called for strong constructive qualities and robust character, and it was only natural that Buckner should be urged upon it on all sides. Relentless in his search for truth, uninfluenced by the insidious and subtle deflectors of purpose, keen in diagnosis and sound in counsel, he is not one to tear down merely to destroy. A gigantic task confronts the Committee, and the greatest burden, of necessity, will fall upon its chief counsel. For the New York police situation, in a word, discloses widespread public disbelief as to the honesty and efficiency of the force. The problem has done much toward the undoing of every Mayor in our time, and since Roosevelt no Police Commissioner except Bingham has added to his reputation in office. Permanent reforms can come only from a patient and thorough ascertainment of the causes underlying the present conditions. Thus the problem far transcends the ephemeral and dramatic features of graft and vicious crimes of violence. These have aroused public interest to a high pitch, which it is natural to expect to spend itself before long. In the meantime the Aldermanic Committee will patiently labor at the task which, largely under the guidance of its counsel, it has mapped out for itself, of presenting to the city of New York a constructive programme of police administration. In this task the Committee and its counsel needs and should have the strength of public support and interest.

Not so long ago, at dead of night—that solvent of truth—two young men were dream ing dreams of youth. The long silence was at last broken by one of them: "Buck, you seem to be thinking hard." "I was think-

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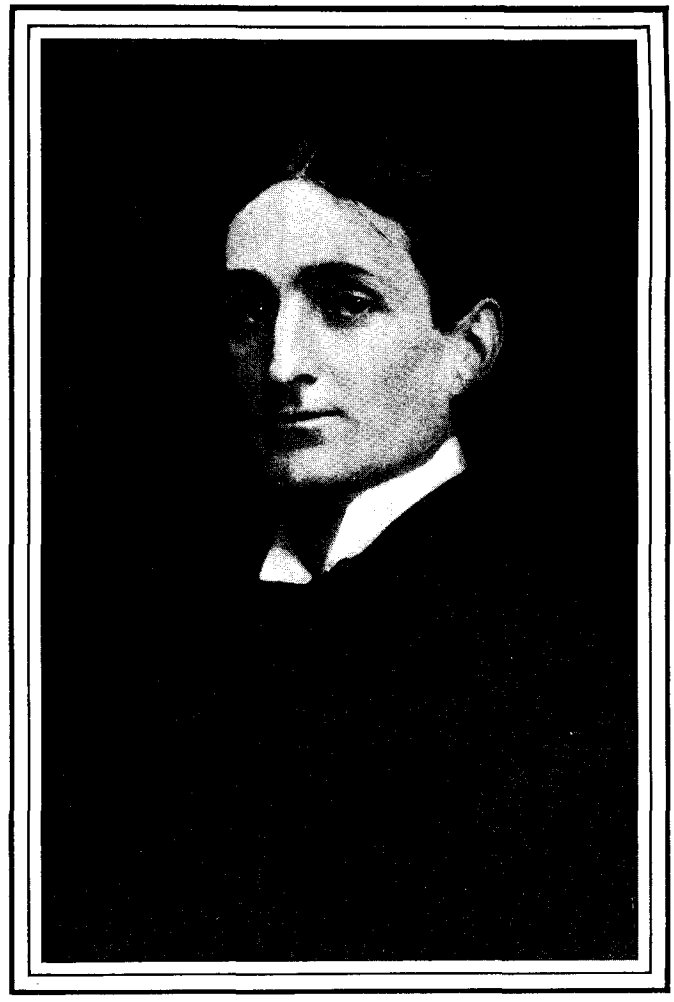
ing," replied the other, "of the great fun in conducting a public office solely for the public welfare."

A BUSINESS MAN IN POLITICS

The Democratic campaign is being largely managed by Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo. Hitherto Mr. McAdoo has not been particularly well known in a political capacity. But he has been very well known in his capacity of initiator of a singularly efficient transportation system, namely, the so-called "Hudson Tunnels." He is president and director of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, which operates the tunnels under the Hudson River and New York City. The first tunnel was completed eight years ago. They were opened for traffic in 1908.



WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

In 1910 Mr. McAdoo made an offer to undertake the operation of an underground subway system in New York City, and to provide fifty million dollars for its equipment —when it had been built by the city at a cost of a hundred millions—and to divide the profits from the operation of the system equally between the company and the city. This offer, although it was not accepted by the city, resulted in such a breaking down of the walls of monopoly as to bring about the present plan under which the underground system has been financed and operated, for it forced from the Interborough Company a far more advantageous offer than it had ever been willing to make before; and it also showed that private capital was not afraid to undertake the operation of a second subway system.

In the conduct of his own company Mr. McAdoo has made an enviable reputation because of his vigorous assertion that his company will be "run," not along the old brutal lines of "The public be damned," but along the better lines of "The public be pleased." That the public is pleased was conclusively shown recently when the rates of passenger fare were slightly raised without encountering serious opposition.

In his rôle as a political manager Mr. McAdoo has been so far chiefly remarkable for his suggestion that the banks of the country should become agencies for the collection of campaign funds, not only for the campaign expenses of the Democratic party, but also for those of the Republican, Progressive, or any other parties. Many bank and trust company officers still regard this suggestion as rather chimerical, although others profess willingness to accept such subscriptions. The funds contributed in this way would probably go chiefly to the country banks, for the reason that in the large cities practically all the persons who would contribute small sums are members of the various political organizations, and would pay over their

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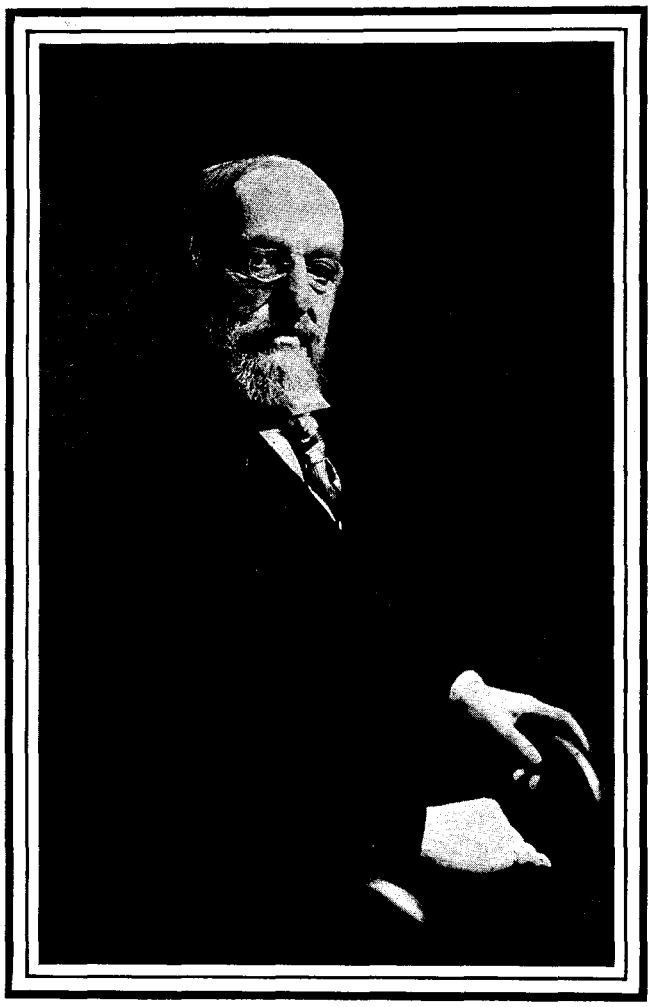

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OSCAR S. STRAUS

money to the treasurers of the local bodies. In addition, it is believed that a good many banks in the smaller communities would take up the scheme for the sake of the advertising and the publicity to be got from it. In his opinions as to political prospects Mr. McAdoo, as a Southerner—he was born at Marietta, Georgia, in 1863—has a native buoyancy and touch-and-go. The New York "Times" correspondent at Indianapolis quotes him as saying there: "I am just an ordinary business man with small knowledge of politics, and have not, therefore, had time to develop the gift of prophecy. Now, there are Hilles of the Republican Committee and Perkins of the third-termers, who are veterans in the game, and will doubtless laugh if I essay the rôle. However, I must learn, and I understand that one of the first things to do in politics is to be bold in the alluring field of prophecy; so this is my qualifying round: I prophesy that Wilson and Marshall will carry nearly every State in the Union!"

OSCAR S. STRAUS

Whatever course the political campaign in New York State may take, it is safe to assert that the Progressive candidate for the Governorship will hold throughout the respect of all parties and all factions. His worth has been so thoroughly proven in the past and his character is so highly esteemed by men of all races and party affiliations as to make anything else unthinkable. Six years ago, when Mr. Straus entered Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, The Outlook declared that his most eminent qualities were a generous enthusiasm, a broad spirit of humanity, and practical common sense. Added experience has increased his broad sagacity and his knowledge of men and affairs. The other day at Syracuse, when the Progressive Convention was at an apparent standstill, not because good material was lacking, but because there was an even balance between two excellent candidates, the happy solution of turning to Mr. Straus as to a man whom all knew and trusted had but to be made when the whole body of delegates seized upon it with such unanimity and enthusiasm as have rarely been seen in a public meeting. And the day after, the most bitter anti-Progressive newspaper in New York admitted that the campaign for Mr. Straus was one to be reckoned with seriously, and that in selecting a man with "an honorable record of public service as well as an unblemished character" the Progressives had taken "a position of undeniable strength." Mr. Straus stands pre-eminently for the idea of fraternalism; he is a Jew proud of his race and an American devoted to his country. When the Convention sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers"

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after his nomination, it was not a bit of fun, it was a heartfelt recognition of the brotherhood of citizenship.

Oscar S. Straus was the son of a Bavarian merchant who was driven to America because he loved liberty; in his early life as a Columbia College student, a lawyer, and a merchant, Oscar Straus had the spirit of good citizenship always as his guide. Since he came into public life he has served under four Presidents; under Cleveland, McKinley, and Taft as Minister and Ambassador to Turkey, under Roosevelt as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Only those who are acquainted with the secrets of international diplomacy know fully how great his services were in Constantinople; he stood firm as a rock against the evil Sultan of the old era and for American rights and American dignity. A fine outcome of Mr. Straus's diplomatic career has been his advocacy of international peace and his wide comprehension of the trend of the world's advance in arbitration and mutual effort. Here and in matters of State and city reform Mr. Straus has always shown skill in adapting means to ends, moderation but persistence in urging reform, and a sane, strong desire for the general good. He has a keen sense of humor, is extremely clever in the art of putting things, and is both courageous and courteous. Men both like him and have faith in him.

The latest instance of Mr. Straus's public usefulness is the service he is rendering as a member of the board of arbitration which is considering the claims and counter-claims of the Eastern railway engineers and their employing companies. The fact that the other members of the board have urgently requested him to continue the work without regard to his nomination as Governor, and that he has cheerfully yielded to their request despite the new and onerous responsibilities just undertaken, illustrates both the value of his services and his unostentatious devotion to duty.

That Mr. Straus has qualifications unusually varied in their nature, and such as might superficially be regarded as antithetic, was formerly expressed in these pages in the following sentences: "He belongs socially to the wealthy commercial class, but sympathizes with the democratic movement; he is a reformer and also a sagacious politician; he is a Hebrew and an American of Americans; he has vigorous convictions and tact in maintaining them; he is a defender of American labor and has a hospitable welcome for the immigrant; and he has maintained with a militant courage American rights in Turkey, and yet is a lifelong advocate of universal peace."

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is fond of pageants. If he had lived in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," when pageants had a popularity resembling those of moving pictures at present, he would have spent all his spare time in going to them. So when, one morning in Salem, he found that Marblehead was advertising a historical pageant for that day and the next, he promptly boarded the trolley car that runs past the wonderful crenelated and castellated Salem station, and began a journey to the past.

The pageant was to be at Hathaway Field—a name to conjure with. But while the Spectator yearned to hie him to Hathaway Field, he had not the faintest idea where it was, nor the hour for the performance. By long experience, he supposed it to be, probably, half-past three in the afternoon or thereabouts, which left ample time for lunch at a well-remembered restaurant on Fort Beach—a restaurant running out over the water, and making a specialty of fish dinners. Filled with joyous anticipations of a delightful day, the Spectator left the trolley in the center of Marblehead and sought out the Lee mansion (where the pageant committee had its headquarters, and tickets were on sale), only to have his pleasant plan receive a solar-plexus jolt. The pageant was not to be in the afternoon. It was an evening affair, with only one matinée, and that the next day. There was not even a dress rehearsal that afternoon—it had been held the day before. Now the Spectator had to be back in Salem by eight that evening, pageant or no pageant.

The situation was hopeless—but the fish dinner was still left. The Spectator turned down the narrow street and threaded the maze of

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ancient houses and modern gift shops which equally allure the summer tourist. Here was an unconscious little old cottage, set among branching gnarled apple trees, with flower beds fenced in by a low board coping from the sand paths, and blossoming riotously with a rainbow of phlox, tiger-lilies, hollyhocks, sweet alyssum, nasturtiums, larkspur, and dahlias. Next to it came a shingled cabin, rustic to an unprecedented degree, and exuding souvenir baskets and china at every pore. "Fern Dale Cabin" it was proudly proclaimed on a rustic sign, and only a step beyond it the "Clam Shell" announced "Sweet Fern Baskets, Postal Cards, and Souvenirs," and the "Sunflower Gift Shop" lay in wait ten paces further on close beside an old white mansion with faded green shutters and dahlia beds framed in circles of whitewashed stones. On the upper doorstep two handsome shells, one on each side, formed a decoration that had been there from time immemorial. Some of the old houses had beautiful tall china jars and settles on their narrow porches. One window bore a modest sign "Sunflower Seed for Parrots 10 cents a Quart." The doors were a study in themselves with their panelings, their fanlights, their fluted columns and pediments, beloved of water-color artists, some of whom were in position, with easel and block, working away happily. What would summer art do without our old New England towns?

The fish dinner turned out better than even remembrance had pictured, beginning with an ambrosial chowder and ending with apple pie, and as the Spectator came out upon the Fort Beach Road he found the Pirate Cottage at his very elbow. True to its traditions, it is now a Tea Room and Gift Shop, and its proprietor makes much of its history. In the early colonial days—it was built in 1650—a man dwelt in it who was secretly a pirate. The neighbors found it out, and the officers of the Crown came riding to Marblehead to investigate. But the pirate was too quick for them. He decamped, leaving a houseful of rich silks and brocades and other plunder, and was never seen again. Close by, in Oakum Bay, as it was once called, a band of pirates brought a beautiful woman on shore, murdered her, and buried her near the scene of the deed. At least, for years the ancient inhabitants, passing this point on dark nights, could hear her ghostly screams, though no grave and no body were ever to be found. It is altogether a thrilling and possible tale, and one more asset for a pageant; for a good reliable ghost has always fitted well into a show, ever since the days of Hamlet.

Speaking of graves is a reminder of Whitefield's question when the great preacher visited Marblehead and was shown the Old Burying Hill—"Where do they bury their dead?" There is no doubt that a more naturally inhospitable graveyard was never selected than this rocky height. But the first settlers had to build on the hill, in order to command both the sea and the wilderness in case of attack. They put their meeting-house there, worshiping weapons in hand, and when the first perilous years were over, they continued to bury the dead around its hallowed walls. The meeting-house has vanished long ago, but on the slopes, wherever the depth of earth is sufficient, the forefathers of Marblehead sleep their last sleep, above the tides they sailed, looking out to sea from their fortress height. On All Saints' Day, if there happens to be a storm, they must feel at home when their spirits come forth and snuff the gale. Life in Marblehead in those pioneer days meant war and fishing. The gay yachting fleet was racing off Fort Sewell Park that afternoon as the Spectator stood on the top of the Burying Hill and read the inscription on the little marble monument erected to mark that historic day of death when, in one storm, off the Grand Banks, ten vessels from Marblehead, with all their crews—sixty-five men and boys—were lost at once. Those were days that called for sterner stuff indeed.

The backbone of the stanch little community was its religion. In a commanding line across one slope run the six headstones of "Ministers' Row." In contrast to the other simple slate slabs, these are large and elaborately carved. The oldest two of the six are all in Latin, with beautiful wavy runes and decorations. Then come two with bas-reliefs of the heads and shoulders of the deceased divines, in Geneva gowns and wide collars. No wonder they were called Roundheads, if these careful portraits are likenesses. The next stone has an intricate and most spirited design of crossbones, skull, scythe, and hour-glass. And the last and largest of all is a rather lackadaisical contrast, with its urn and weeping-willow branch. About them cluster respectfully the lay gravestones, mostly with no decoration at all, or only a round-headed cherub with rudimentary wings. The oldest stone dates back only to 1681. Before that the graves are unmarked. But the settlers were buried here from the first, above the harbor and the tides, looking off to the mother England whence they came.

Marblehead finally bought its site from Winnepewauken, the Indian chieftain, for sixteen pounds, in 1684, but it had been there since 1629. The earliest inhabitant, named Doliber, was hardly a subject for a pageant, for he brought a fish hogshead over from Salem and lived in it, down in the cove, for the first winter of his stay.

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But by the time when Edward Dimond, the wizard captain, dwelt in the Old Brig, that quaintest of Marblehead houses, under its grand old willow tree at the foot of Burying Hill, there was plenty of picturesque material. "Old Dimond," so the fishers on his vessel said, would send the crew below decks on a dark night, give orders to invisible helpers, and have a deck-load of fish in the morning, netted and landed by goblin hands. He was an entirely orthodox wizard, however, and when at home in the old house on nights of storm he would climb the Burying Hill and "beat about" among the headstones, using every incantation he knew to save the vessels out at sea from wreck. Wizardry ran in the family, for his daughter, born in the Old Brig, became a noted fortune-teller in Lynn.

Turning a bit to the left and mounting the winding lane, the Spectator found himself at Agnes Surriage's Well—another historic spot, in the grassy yard of an unpretending cottage overlooking the harbor. Once this was part of the garden of the old Fountain Inn, where Agnes Surriage, in 1742, as a barefooted, beautiful lass of sixteen, scrubbed the stairs and caught the eye of the young English baronet, Sir Harry Frankland. From the old well, as she looked off across the ocean, did the Marblehead girl ever see a vision of Portugal, far on the other shore of the Atlantic, and of earthquake shock, falling timbers, a whole stately city rocking in ruin, and only her two slender hands to save the man whom she loved? But why continue—has not a novel been written about her of which all Marblehead is proud? The ancient well is still used, but the Spectator has been too well educated in the lore of the bacillus to drink from any well-head, however romantic, so he did not draw himself a sparkling cupful—no, indeed.

Of course there was Floyd Ireson's house to be looked up—

> "Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
> Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead."

And the Spectator turned in at the next gift shop and bought a guide-book, only to find that the Amazonian story was entirely false, and that Skipper Ireson was an innocent man, maligned by his cowardly crew. When the wrecked sailors of the Active in that terrible October gale in 1808 off Cape Cod lighthouse called for help from Ireson's vessel, he endeavored to reach them, but his crew refused to endanger their lives, and insisted on leaving the shipwrecked men to their fate. Upon returning home, fearing the story might get about, they agreed to lay all blame on the skipper. Consequently he was seized, on a bright moonlight night, besmeared with tar and feathers, and ridden through the town in an upturned dory dragged by men and boys—no women. Opposite Workhouse Rocks the bottom of the dory came out, and a cart was secured and the ride went on as far as Salem. Salem refused admittance to the strange procession, and it returned to Marblehead. During the entire ordeal Floyd Ireson said not a word. But at the door of his own house, as his tormentors released him, he turned and said: "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen; but you will live to regret it!" Too late, the truth came out, and Marblehead treasures a letter from Whittier saying that the poet is rejoiced to learn the real facts, and acknowledging that the "narrative of the ballad was pure fancy" founded on an old fragment of rhyme heard when a school-boy from a Marblehead playmate. Behind the plain exterior of the old Ireson house what a tragedy was concealed of cruel and unjust shame domiciled with a brave and silent heart!

One brave man, and good one, Marblehead has never ceased to honor—General John Glover, who recruited his own regiment, called by Washington Irving "the Amphibious Regiment of Marblehead Fishermen," and led it himself in the Revolution through one campaign after another. It was this sailor regiment that rowed George Washington across the Delaware. What were cakes of ice in a mere river to them, who knew the bergs of the Grand Banks? Glover Park, given to the city by a descendant of Colonel Jonathan Glover, John's brother, also a Revolutionary worthy, looks down upon the harbor, a perpetual memorial to these heroic ancestors; and Fort Sewell Park and Fort Washington Park, on their sentinel headlands, and the old Powder House, and the Town Hall, are historic, too.

As the Spectator sped back on the trolley toward Salem again, his next neighbor on the front seat pointed out a tented meadow a mile or so outside the town. "That's Hathaway Field, where they're goin' to have a page-ant to-night," he volunteered. The Spectator felt a pang—and yet, could any pageant have so filled his mind with the past as the old streets of Marblehead themselves had done? The Indian sachems, the little congregation on Burying Hill, the wizard and his crew, Agnes Surriage digging in the ruins of Lisbon to rescue her lover, Floyd Ireson in his cart, the embattled fishermen—not even Hathaway Field could stage all these as the inner eye saw them move and pass, on the very spots they had trod when they lived and toiled, loved and suffered, fought and won, so many years ago.

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BY THE WAY

Most men learn to make generalizations in their own business, but few specialists would hazard an induction like that made by a speaker at the National Dentists' Convention in Chicago: "Be sure to marry a girl with pink-tinted teeth. Dull, chalky teeth show insincerity of nature." If it is thus easy to know disposition by the teeth, the dental character-reader should have a booth in the charity bazaar next to that of the professor of chiromancy.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," after a selling career of more than a decade, has recently gone to a forty-seventh edition. More than half a million copies altogether of this book have been sold in America and England.

A collector of records of centenarianism reports the recent death of an Italian peasant woman at the age of 188. He mentions two other centenarians who have exceeded the age of the noted Dr. Parr, who died at 152; one of these, Thomas Cam, is credited with 207 years, and the other, William Edwards, with 168 years. All these cases of extreme longevity are to be marked with an interrogation point, for parish registers are sometimes altered and tombstones tampered with.

To pass from instances of great age to those of irrepressible youth, we note that the eightieth birthday of the Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange was recently celebrated with much rejoicing by that most active organization, and that Mrs. Rebecca Kissick, of Philadelphia, aged 104, is reported to have challenged any woman more than fifty years old to a race up the 350 steps of the City Hall tower.

An American's humor sometimes saves him from embarrassment when a speaker compliments him in a strange language. At the closing session of the International College of Applied Chemistry a German delegate praised the work of the Chairman, Mr. W. H. Nichols. That gentleman responded by saying that he didn't understand a word of the speech, but that, notwithstanding the sound of some of the words, he took it for granted that nothing bad was said of him, and he would let it go at that!

With the North and South Poles reached, the edge of interest is somewhat taken off of accounts of exploration. And yet there have remained some worlds to conquer, for it is only within the last month that Greenland has ever been crossed from west to east. A Swiss exploring party under Dr. de Quervain accomplished the feat, marching for three months over the icy wastes of the interior.

The British War Office has suspended the use of monoplanes by the Royal Flying Corps, owing to the large number of fatalities that have recently occurred among the army aviators. The biplane is regarded as safer than the monoplane, though not so speedy.

A new railway in Mexico, the Durango-Llano Grande road, is expected to make available the vast quantities of iron ore in the Cerro Mercado, or Iron Mountain, which is estimated to contain 500,000,000 tons of iron ore. This has not been profitable to mine heretofore because of its inaccessibility.

The recent earthquake in Constantinople is said to have damaged the famous Mosque of St. Sophia. The dome, which is one of the largest in the world, is reported to be in danger of collapsing This mosque was originally a Christian church, and as it may some time be restored to its original use it is to be hoped that thorough repairs will be made. The Turks might almost be excused for passing the hat in Christian lands for this purpose.

The Duke of Wellington, according to recently published memoirs, went more than once to an exhibition in London to see a representation of Napoleon on his death-bed. If this is true, it shows an unlooked-for degree of sentiment in the Iron Duke. If the cases had been reversed, and Napoleon had won at Waterloo and had outlived Wellington, one could hardly imagine the Emperor paying a like tribute of veneration to the English general.

Ceremonious forms in correspondence, such as "I have the honor to be," "Your obedient servant," etc., long disused in business but surviving in official letters, are, it is reported, to be abandoned hereafter by the War Department. Even the familiar expressions "Sir" and "Yours respectfully" are to be barred, and letters are simply to bear the name of the person to whom they are addressed and the signature of the sender. Time and typewriting, it is believed, will both be saved by the innovation.

The "Critic," says Miss Gilder in the "Literary Digest," was once issued with its leaves uncut. It was decided finally to have the edges trimmed. But at least one subscriber objected to the new plan, and regularly came to the "Critic's" office himself to get his copy with untrimmed edges! This subscriber must have been a near relative of the stubborn New Englander some one tells of, who, after a new road had been opened and the old one closed, always let down the obstructing bars and drove over the old thoroughfare when he had occasion to pass that way.

Rotterdam and Antwerp are close rivals for the position of second largest port in Europe, as far as tonnage is concerned, Hamburg being the first. From January 1 to August 1 the tonnage that arrived at Rotterdam amounted to 6,794,681, at Antwerp 6,855,677, and at Hamburg 7,939,193.

Within the last twenty years Oriental rugs have become recognized in America as the most desirable floor coverings, and their use has immensely increased; and yet this change of fashion has apparently not lessened the prosperity of our carpet mills. The great factories at Yonkers, New York, employing 3,100 persons, recently distributed to those employees a bonus of $70,000. The country seems to be big enough to absorb the products both of Orient and Occident.

In Germany, says the "Electrical Review," electrical apparatus and wires carrying high-voltage currents are marked by a warning sign consisting of a startlingly realistic lightning-bolt and the German word for "Danger!" The "Review" suggests that it might be well if the same warning emblem were adopted in this country as a safeguard to all who may come near high-voltage circuits or their supports.

The receipts of the New York City post-office for August were $1,905 214.39. Those of the Chicago post-office were $1,932.488.69. Of course civic spirit is a fine thing, but is it worth while for Chicago to lock up so much good money in postage stamps just to "beat New York"?

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